

# FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's  
Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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SEPTEMBER



WEE THREE

A MOVING PICTURE OF WAR

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**W**OMAN, lovely woman, of every race and clime, in every variety of costume—from the smile and the neat fitting suit of sunshine of the belles of tropical Polynesia and Melanesia to the furs of the natives of the home of the Frost King—greet the reader on every page, in hundreds of photographs never before reproduced, in



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SEP -6 1917

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MUTUAL

GAIL KANE

Day-dreaming—in blossom time—of laurels, perhaps.



# Film Fun

## EDITORIALS

### For Decent Sunday Shows

**T**HE Blue Laws of Connecticut no longer govern. After 300 years they are obsolete. Sunday observance now-a-days means that a man may do what he likes. Motion pictures and baseball have been main factors in bringing about this state of affairs. In all good conscience it becomes now the duty of all concerned to rebuild, in worthier form, what has been torn down.

The ten commandments have hitherto been made the basis for all laws that mankind honors. Probably they always will be, although present day philosophers claim that Christ's commandments, which all begin with "Thou Shalt" have superseded the Mosaic law of "thou shalt not" and produce a better type of citizen.

The Blue Laws, being man-made, were foredoomed to failure. That they prevailed as long as they did is matter for marvel. That even to this day they are to be found in some form on the statute books of most of the states is an instance of American indifference, for such laws have always been honored in the breach, and always will be.

Whether or not the church erred in countenancing the picture show must remain an unsettled question. It is certain that angels and ministers of grace can't stop the Sunday movie now. There is one thing, however, that can be done to render it harmless. All problem plays, and all plays having a sensuous appeal, should be eliminated from Sunday programs. There will remain travel and adventure pictures, patriotic plays, educational, industrial and news films, and clean comedy. The salacious ought to be censored and forbidden altogether, but if such plays are omitted from Sunday programs the managers of motion picture theaters must soon be brought to the realization that clean business is good business. What the public demands persistently it always obtains. Everybody can help to create this demand.

### Open Bookings Win

**O**PEN booking seems to have become an established fact, after a year or more of discussion pro and con. It means as much to the motion picture patron as to producer and exhibitor. Under the plan no subscriber to an exchange is under obligation to take any offering unless he believes it will be popular with his audiences. This selective plan must result in better scenarios, better staging of them, the very best work the best actors are capable of and better pay for everybody. It becomes a very plain case of the survival of the fittest.

### Getting Into the Game

**T**HAT the standard of excellence which will necessarily result from open booking will make the picture game hard for even the multi-millionaire to break into, and well-

nigh impossible for the average actor, goes without saying. Quite a few studio stars we could name are drawing salaries equal to that paid to the President of these United States. A dramatic director that isn't worth at least a thousand dollars a month isn't worth considering. Continuity writers are paid anywhere from three thousand to seven thousand dollars a year, or more. Publicity Directors are demanding, and receiving, a wage commensurate with the work they do and the responsibility for success or failure of a picture which rests upon them. Members of the supporting cast must have attractive contracts and steady work or they will be encouraged to desert. All these total only a small part of the cost of a production. But it is estimated that ten million admissions a week are paid to movies, so a good picture soon pays for itself and has in prospect after that a long and profitable career. It is a good game, and getting better, but there is no place in it for weaklings.

### More and Better Comedies Coming

**T**HERE is no safer or surer way to cure an abuse than to ridicule it. FILM FUN doesn't claim all the credit for some of the changes for the better that have lately come to pass in the making of films, but it has helped. In the matter of the slap-stick, for instance, it has made frequent and vigorous protest. The flying pie doesn't make comedy. Trick stuff no longer mystifies. That there is no dearth of material for fine, clean fun is proved by the Fairbanks films, and its popularity is evidenced by the fact that these films always run to capacity houses. The Drew comedies of home life are also gaining great favor. All that seems to be needed now is more of the same sort.

### Smile—and Don't Forget

**A** FEW at a time, and silently, our soldier boys are setting out on a long journey. Many of them may never return. The fair thing for us who stay in the homes they go to guard is to do our bit as cheerfully, wear our brightest smiles when we bid them good-bye and God speed, and after that remember and do the innumerable little helpful things. There is no heroism involved in putting a one-cent stamp in the place provided on the cover of this magazine so it may go to the front with such good wishes as it can convey to some brother on the fighting line.

### Doing Our Bit

**F**ILM FUN hopes to demonstrate its faith that there's a lurking laugh in the most serious of situations. Its "bit" as a purveyor of good cheer will be carried through most heartily, and in the spirit of that poet who added luster to Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verses by amending her lines so that they read:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and the laugh is on you."

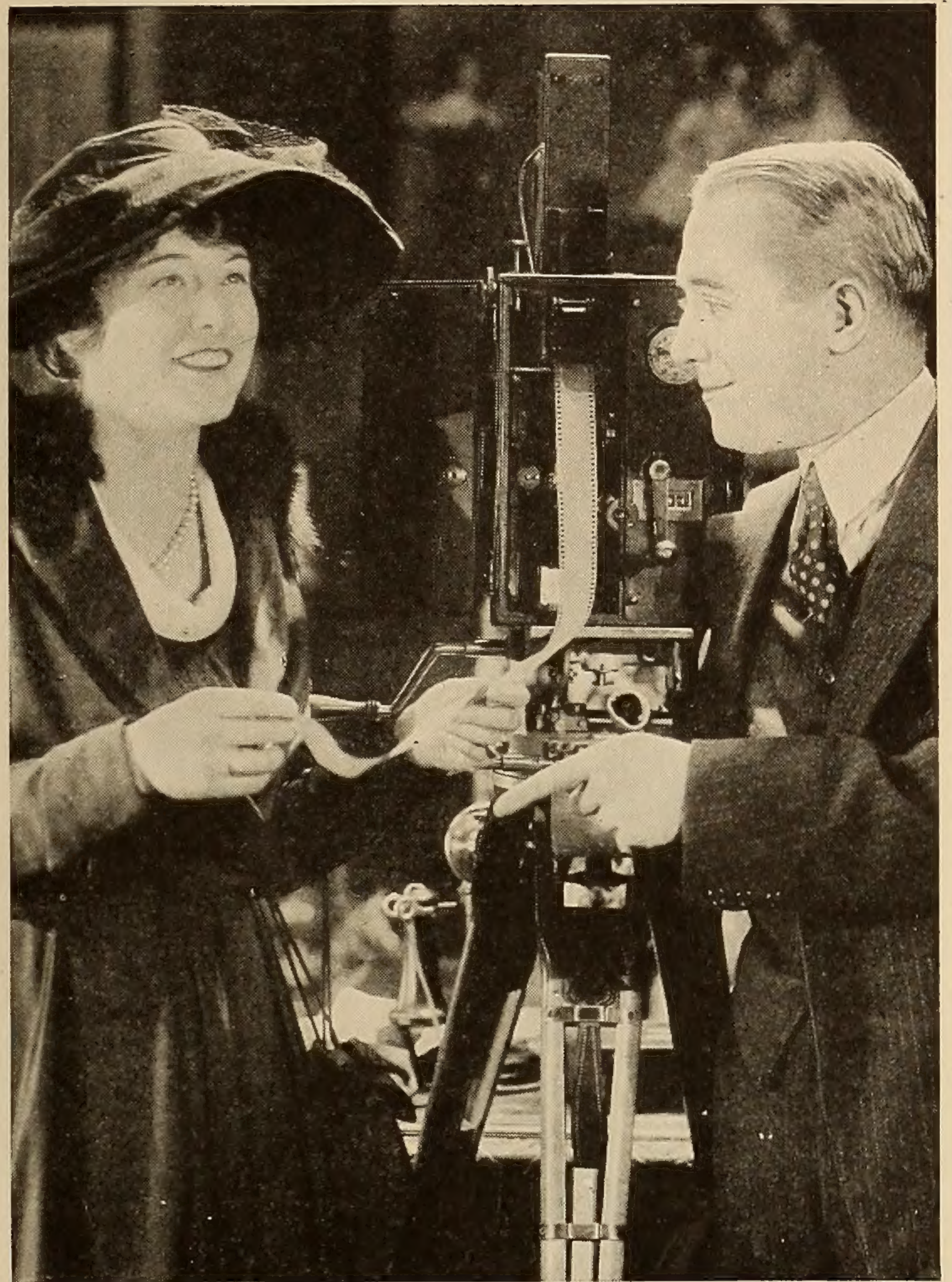


## "Shoot!"



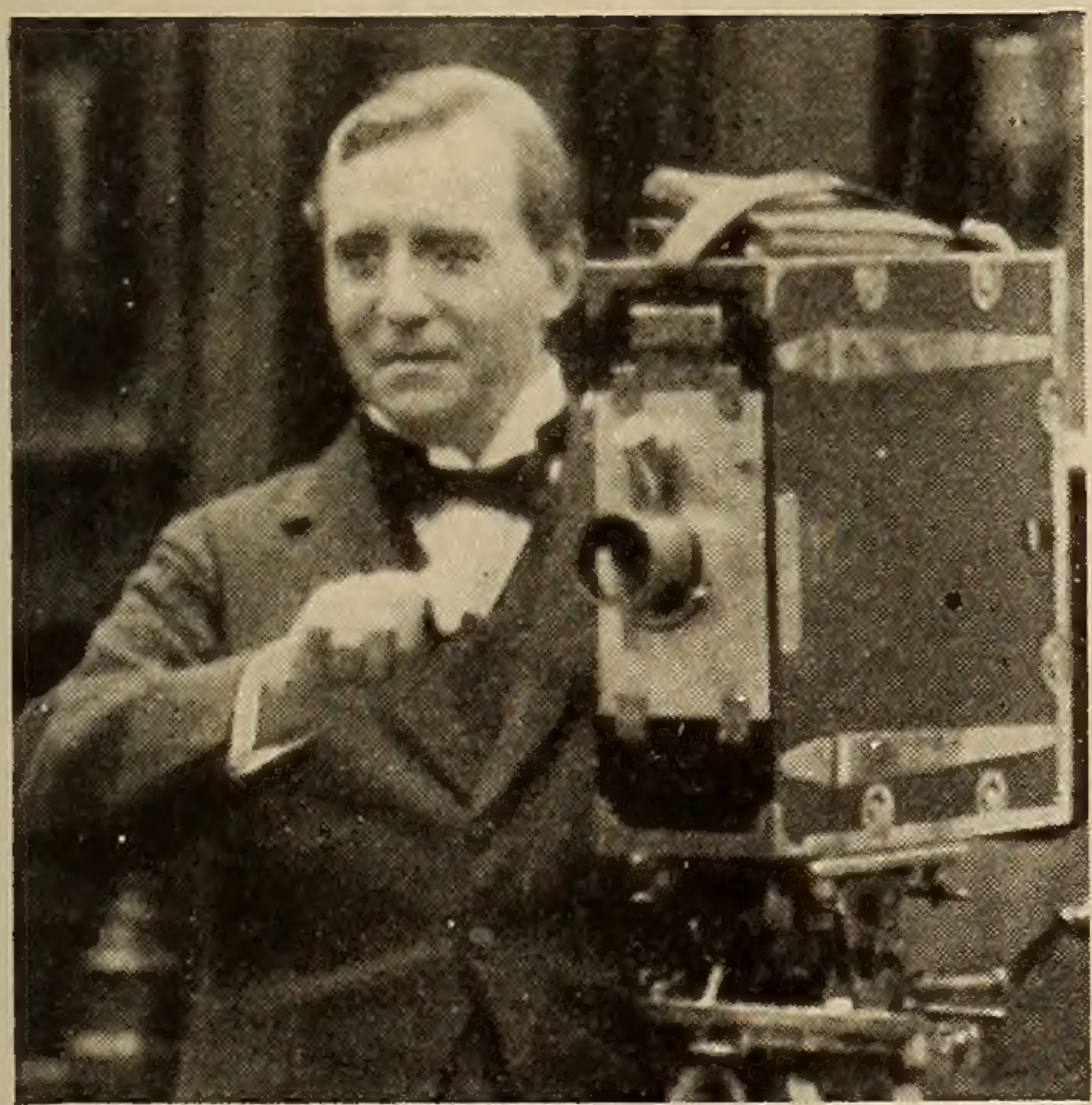
ARTCRAFT

A prize-winning exposure—the inimitable Doug Fairbanks, his authoress, Anita Loos, and his director, John Emerson.



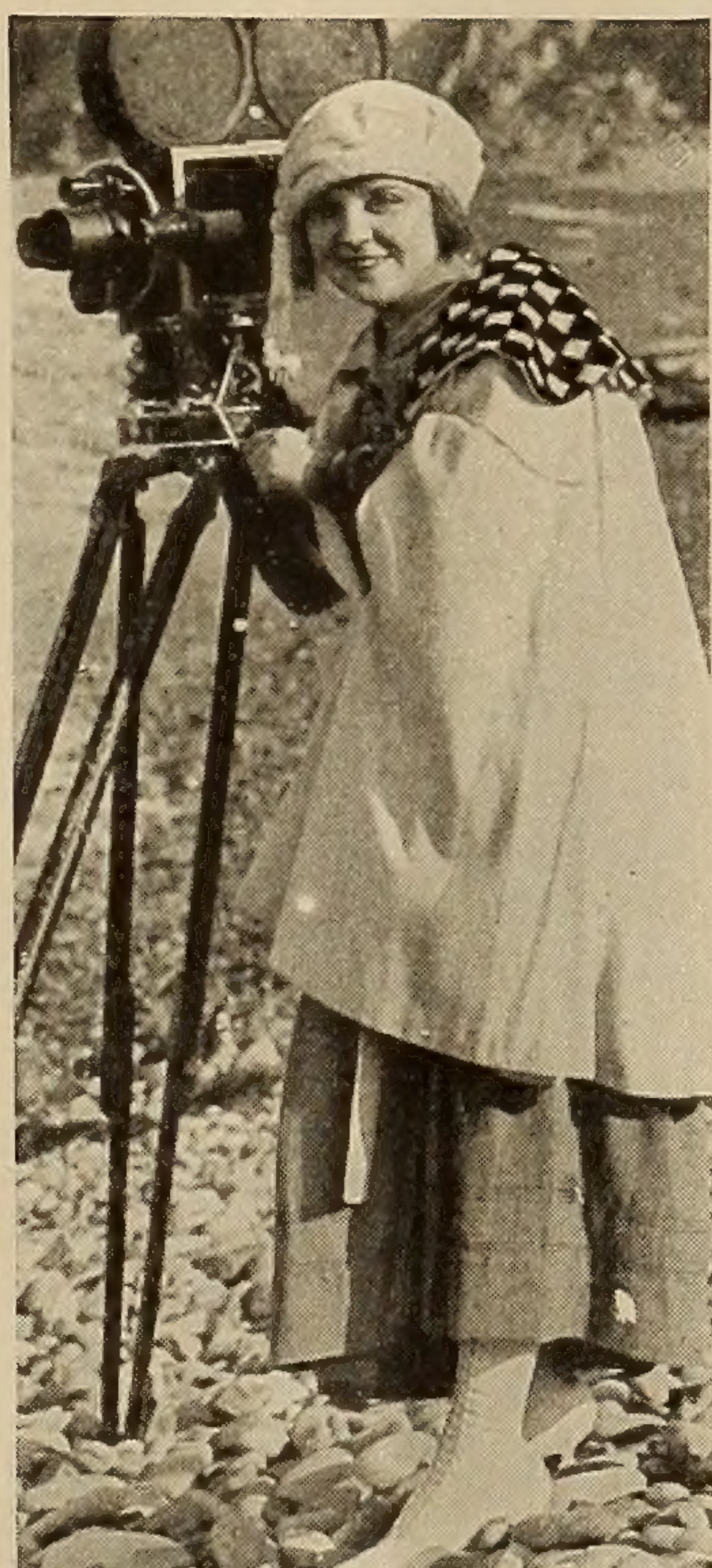
ARTCRAFT

Elsie Ferguson, who is Artcraft's newest recruit, gets her first official lessons in film technique from George M. Cohan.



VITAGRAPH

E. H. Sothorn, having stood up before the camera numerous times, turns it on someone else in one of the sets of a picture and proceeds to film a few feet.



ARTCRAFT

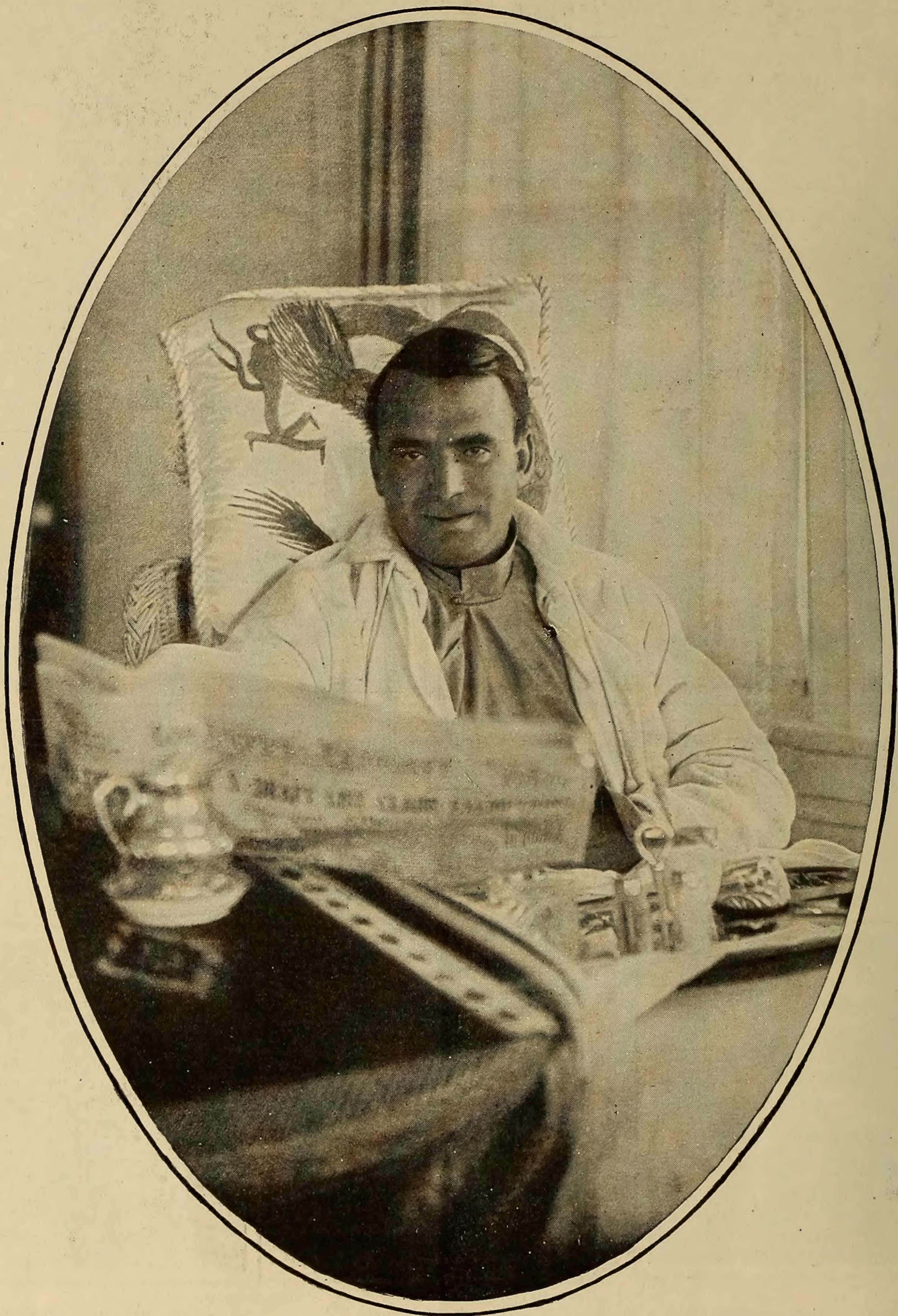
"It's all in the daily grind," says Eileen Percy, who, besides being her charming self, is Douglas Fairbanks's leading lady.



MUTUAL

Gertrude Atherton, the well-known novelist, having a look through the camera which is to screen the first of her novels, "Mrs. Balfame," with Nance O'Neil in the title role.





ARTCRAFT

**Wuxtry! All about Douglas Fairbanks—in a new role!**



# Writing About Myself

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

We asked Douglas Fairbanks to write a story for **FILM FUN**: we thought our readers would like it; we are still of that opinion; if you do not, tell him—it's his story. If you enjoy it, as we think you will, tell us, for other stories by favorite screen players are to follow.



ARTCRAFT

"Over the bounding m-a-i-n"  
—out for a holiday in the  
"Optimist."

**T**HE DAY had been strenuous. I had three big fights with Charley Gerrard, exchanging real and reel blows, while cold-hearted John Emerson, my director, encouraged our pugilistic demonstration. The day was over at last, and I departed for Hollywood, with my nice bed in mind. Five minutes after my

entrance and an abbreviated dinner, the telephone rang, and I answered the call.

"**FILM FUN** just telegraphed for a signed story. It must leave to-night, in order to make the September issue," cried a voice I knew at the other end of the line.

I explained that working since early morning until sundown was rather tiring and pleaded for time.

"Sorry to disturb you," my tormentor continued, "but you can't afford to neglect the demands of such a publication." And he went on to explain the number of subscribers, the cumulative value of each magazine, being read by at least ten people, and continued along this line of chatter until I could see nothing but figures.

"Why don't you give them some dope on the theory that motion pictures are still in their infancy," was suggested for a starter.

Motion pictures recently passed their twenty-first birthday. Do you know the significance of the word "infancy"?

"Well, how about this—we've only scratched the surface of the industry?"

There you go again with old ideas. Almost every office boy, film director and player some time has seriously discussed this question. Nice evening, don't you think?

An angry growl was the only response to this. Then—

"We've got to get down to cases and get this story off right away. Yes, it's a darn nice evening, but what about writing on types in the movies?"

Types? Do you mean the value of crepe hair and make-up, or reviving that abused press story about going down to the slums in quest of genuine types? You can't get away with this line of newspaper copy any longer. The people won't stand for it. Original material—that's what they want.

"Then how about a human angle—say—oh, something about your dog?"

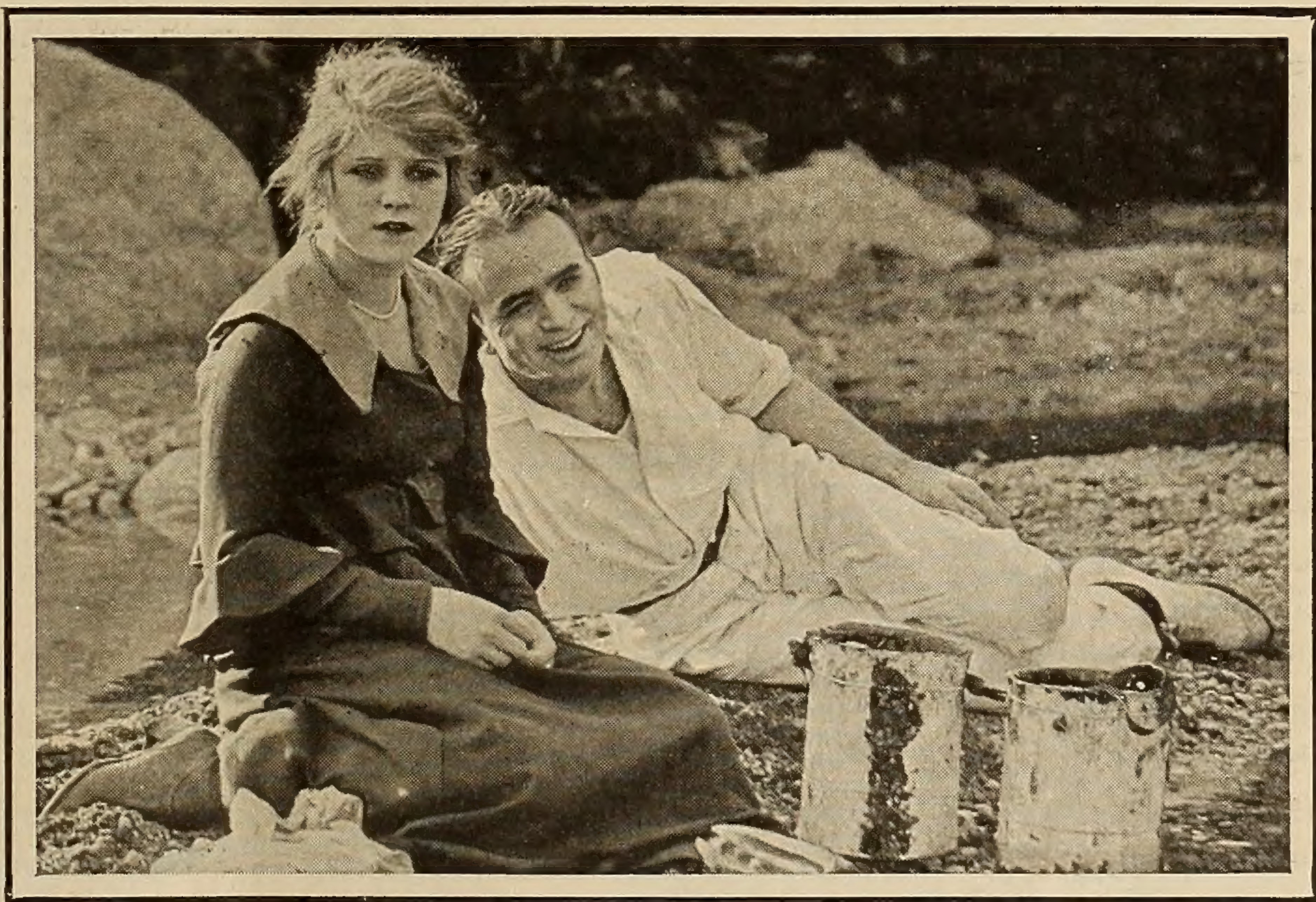
Dog? You don't mean that studio mut?

"Well, you feed him every night."

But why tell the public these things? Do you see anything unusual in feeding a homeless dog? Anybody that would neglect this kind of an animal is All Wrong. I suppose you would like to have me discuss my horse "Smiles," and tell about my palatial new home, the new Mercer automobile, and how I spend my evenings. I'm just an ordinary human being. I can't hold out much hope for your story.

"You have my goat! I can't appreciate your attitude at all—you, the most interesting and by far the most intelligent and congenial member of the film profession, refusing a considerate request like this of **FILM FUN**!"

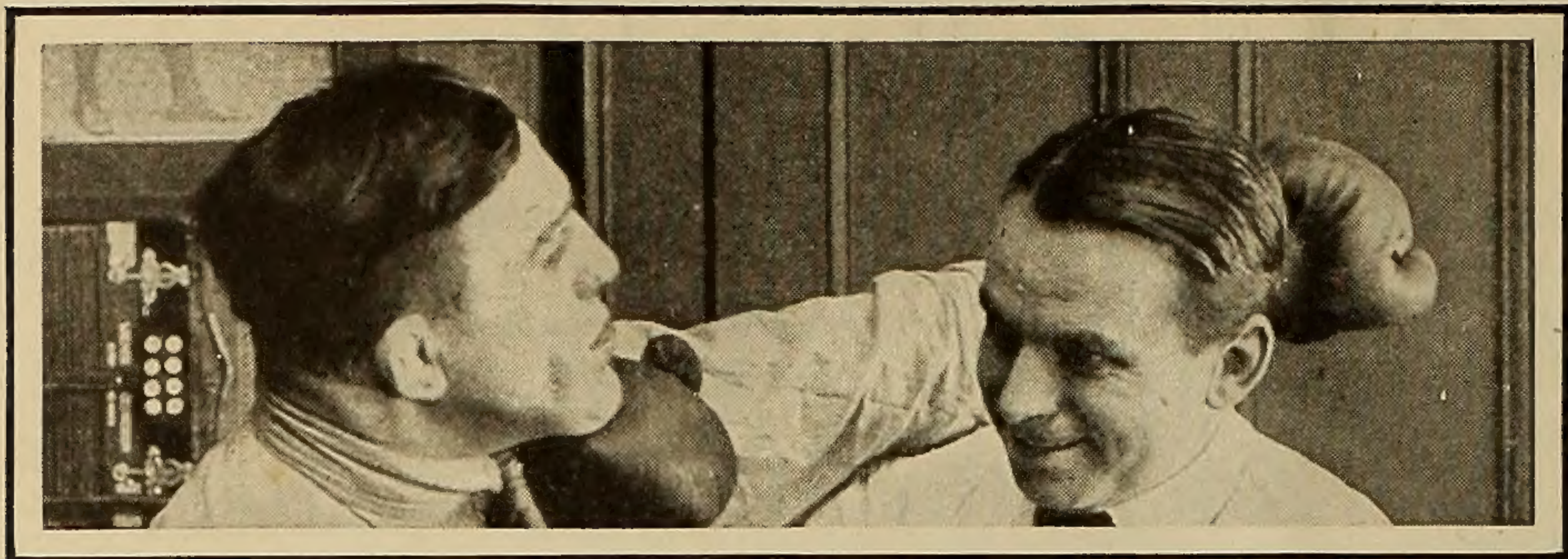
The moan that followed was too much for me. I decided to help out and said so.



ARTCRAFT

Don't you think the scenery lovely out here? My leading lady, Eileen Percy, and—





ARTCRAFT

Trying to "Bull" Montana.

"Fine, oh, fine!" gayly chortled that friendly voice. "That gives me an idea—a story about the outdoor life you really lead, the swimming pool, your sleeping hammock, the tennis lawn, your outdoor gymnasium."

Just a minute. Did I tell you the story of Bull Montana and the buzzard? He shot at a buzzard yesterday while on location and was caught in the act by a game warden. It was a case of paying the fine, \$50, or seeing Bull thrown in jail. We kept him out.

"That's the stuff! Some more incidents of this kind, and you'll have an excellent story for FILM FUN. How's this—saving tinfoil for the American Red Cross?

You've been doing that for months. And how did you ever forget this—your interest in unfortunate people that hang around the studios simply because you've somehow earned a reputation for generosity? Don't stop me now while I am going good. The watchman who said he enjoyed 'Wild and Woolly' because there wasn't a hole in the entire film, and you anticipating a rare, eloquent tribute; the personal interest you take in the business end of the company; your between-pictures vacations; or what about your yacht, 'The Optimist,' or that wonderful trip to the snow-capped mountains of Yosemite Valley, then the next week to Catalina Island? Or what about having the mountain peak and island named in your honor by a government official? Seems to me that's the biggest thing of all."

My boy, my boy, what do the dear readers of FILM FUN care about all this? Or, if you think so well of these ideas, why confine yourself to ancient history? Why not tell them what I intend to do in the near future—what the stars portend? I'm going after mountain lions before they're all gone, my lad, don't forget that. It keeps me thinking about it a good deal. Yes, as soon as possible after this new picture, "Down to Earth," is done—not later than next month.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's all. One of my playmates thought you might like to have it written down the way it actually happened.



ARTCRAFT

Girls are a lot of trouble—Miss Percy, again.

across a grizzly bear, and one of those poor hicks mistook it for a cow—and, well—that left me only six! One of the six climbed on a rock, and then he took a dive (I guess it

made him dizzy)—anyway, I had but five! We let one down into the shaft a hundred feet or more; he's down there yet (the cable broke)—and now I had but four! One of the four got hungry, chewed the moss from off a tree (I hope he'd led an upright life)—and now I'd only three! A lizard lay upon a log: "Let's see what it will do!" an "extra" said, and tickled it—and then I had but two! Our burro ate the dynamite; an extra, just for fun, gave it a kick, there came a crash

—and then I had but one! And this guy said to me, "Well, boss, when do we start to act?" I murdered him and went back home—alone, and that's a fact!

### Unnatural Enemies

The scene showed two men meeting in front of a cafe. One tried to pick a fight with the other; being unable to do so, he registered disgust and walked away.

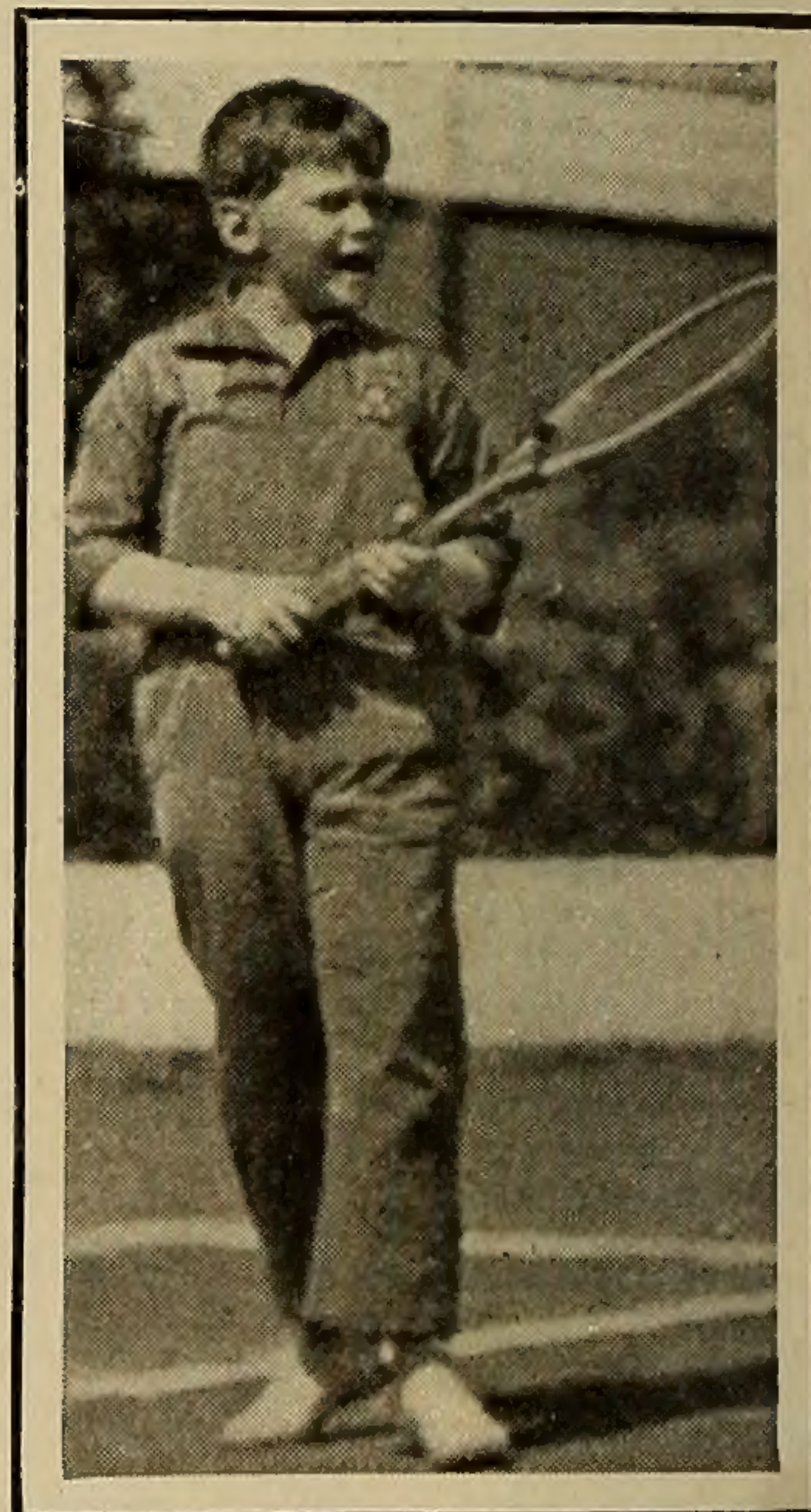
"Phaix," said Pat to his wife, "thim two don't appear to be friends."

"Oi should say not," his wife replied. "They are not even friendly enough to fight wid each other."

### Doubtful

Zigg — How was that feature you saw last night?

Zagg — In a way it was rather unique. One never knew how it was going to end, and one never found out.



ARTCRAFT

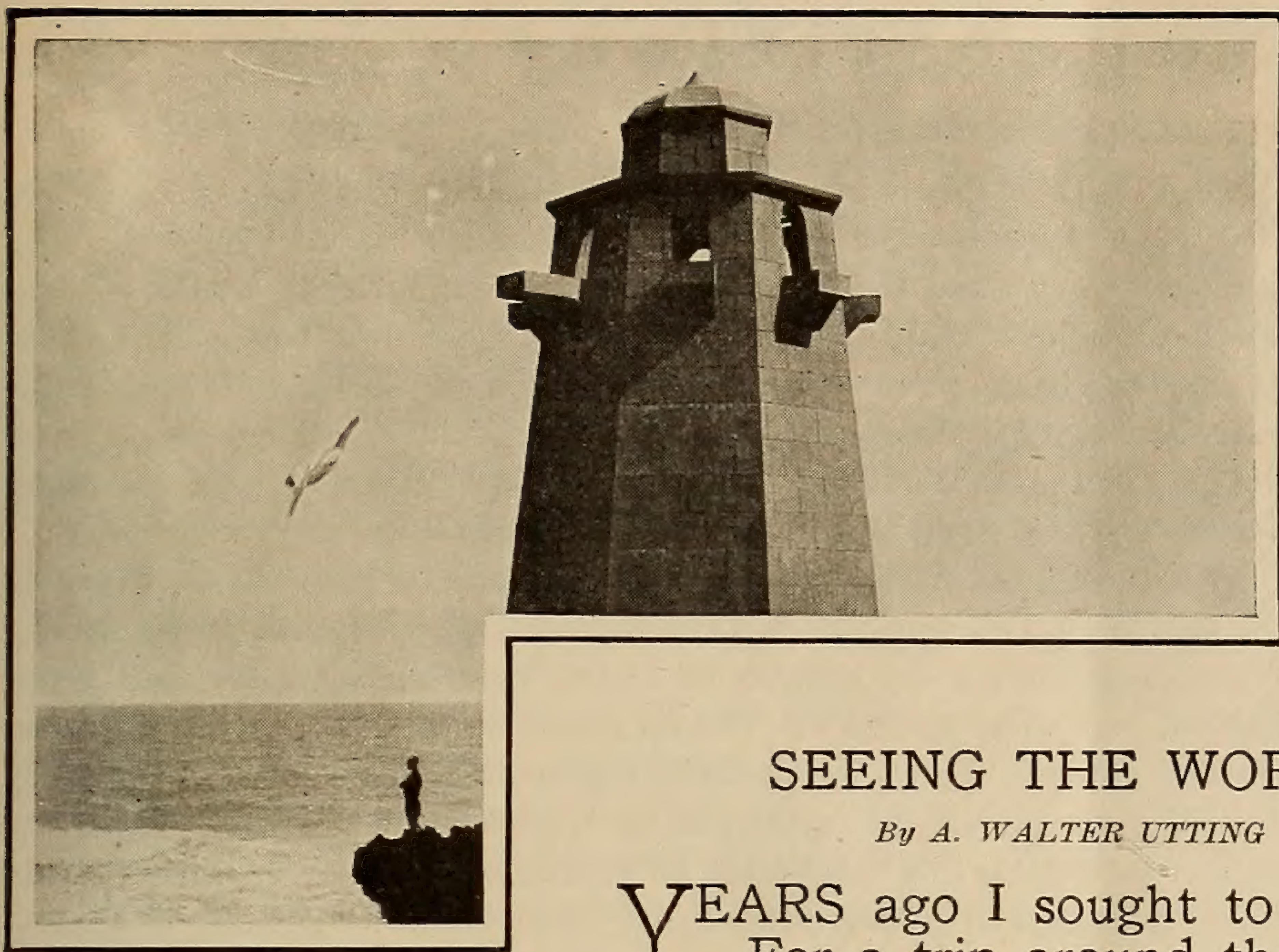
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a handsome child, and so like his father.

## The Disappearing "Extras"

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

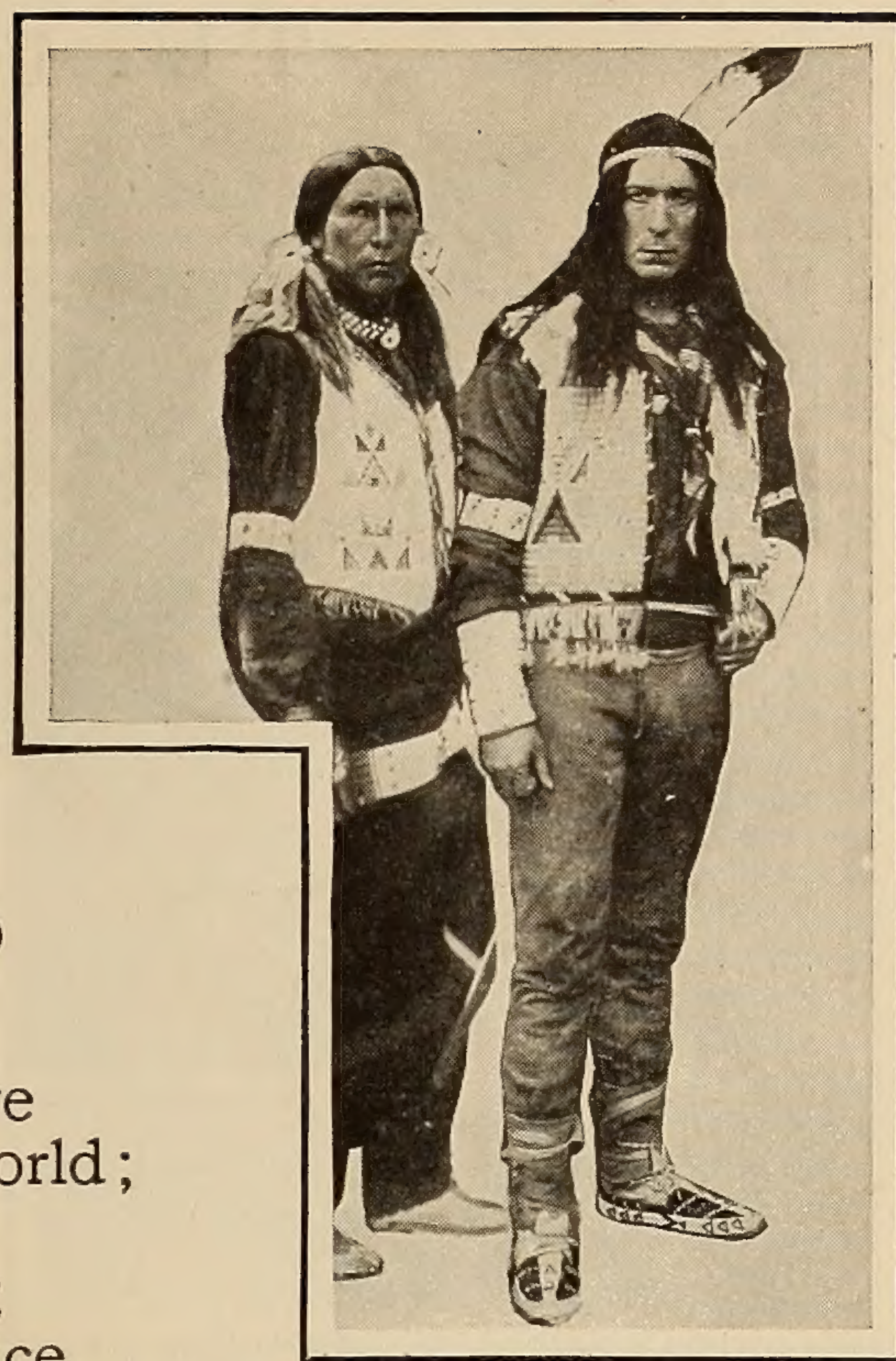
Ten "extra" men I took with me to film "The Haunted Mine." I sent one back to get a shirt, and then there were but nine! These nine I led up through the rocks that crowned the mountain's pate, where one of them fell off the trail—which left me only eight! One of the eight so foolish was, it filled me with surprise; he tried to pet a rattlesnake—which left me seven guys! We came





FOX

A trip with Annette Kellermann. — Scene from "A Daughter of the Gods."



TRIANGLE

A visit to an Indian reservation. William S. Hart and Chief Brown Beaver, in "The Apostle of Vengeance."

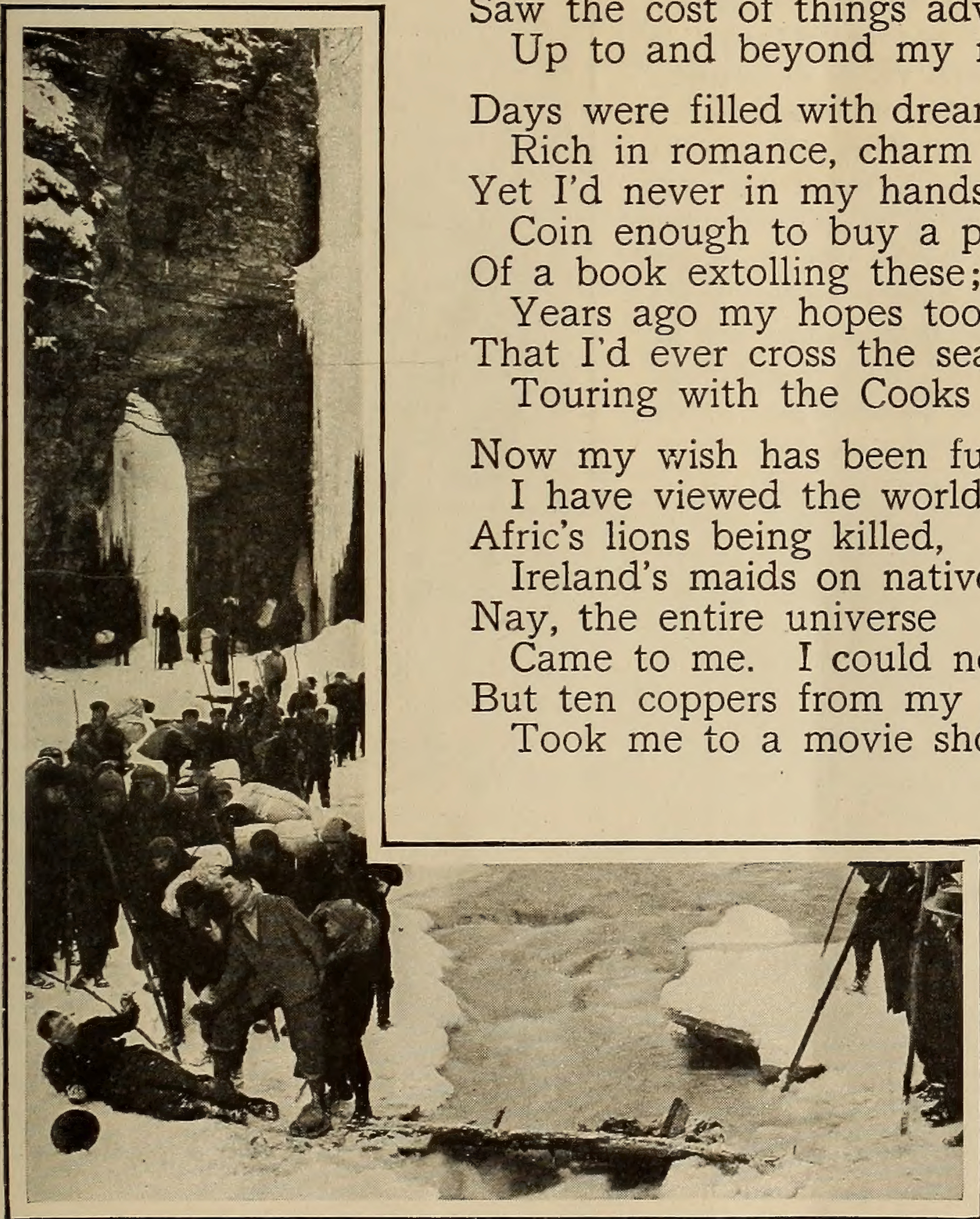
## SEEING THE WORLD

By A. WALTER UTTING

YEARS ago I sought to save  
For a trip around the world;  
Unto thrift became a slave,  
Still to poverty was hurled;  
Thought I'd never get a chance  
To behold the foreign scenes;  
Saw the cost of things advance  
Up to and beyond my means.

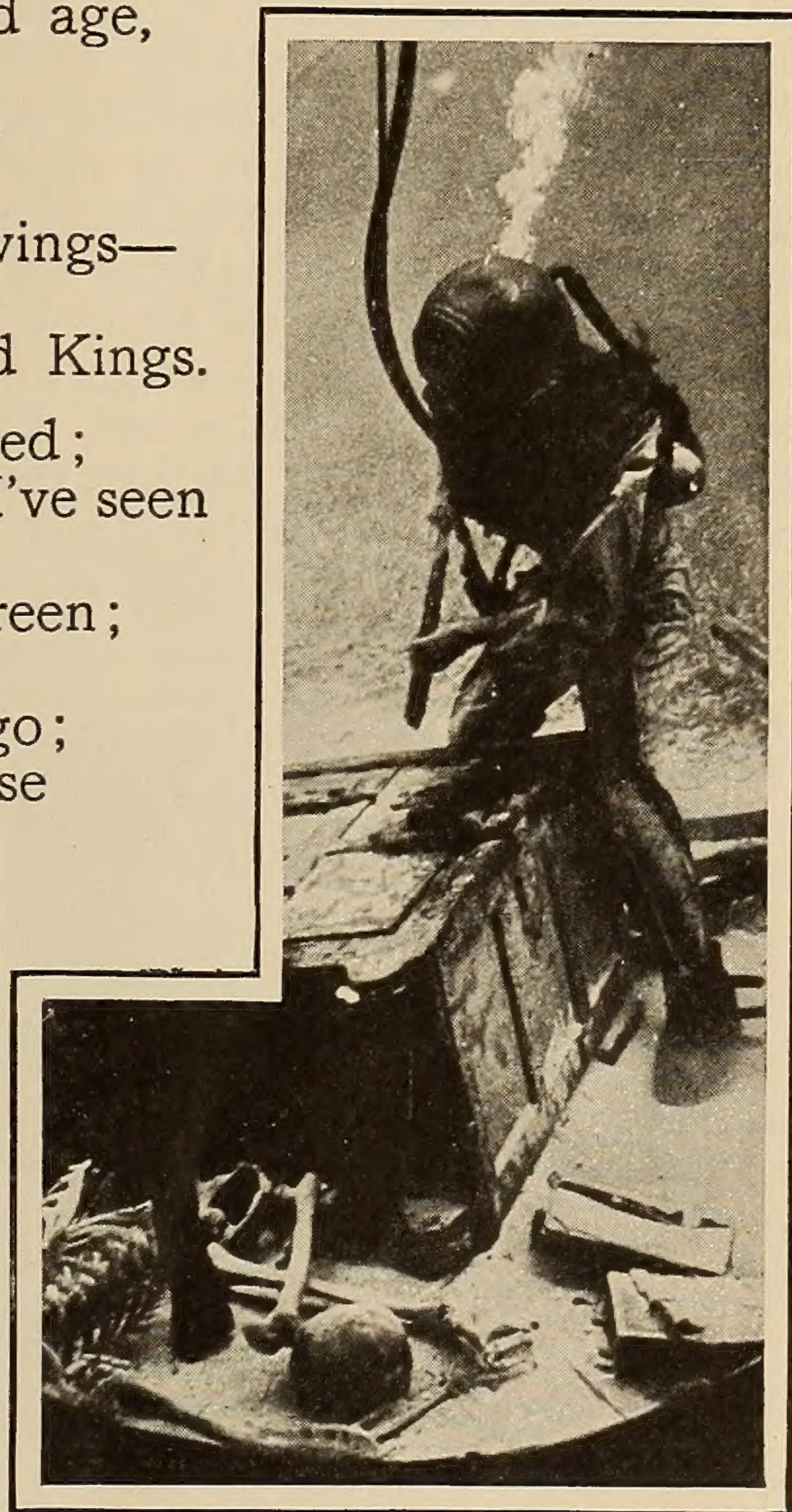
Days were filled with dreams of lands  
Rich in romance, charm and age,  
Yet I'd never in my hands  
Coin enough to buy a page  
Of a book extolling these;  
Years ago my hopes took wings—  
That I'd ever cross the seas,  
Touring with the Cooks and Kings.

Now my wish has been fulfilled;  
I have viewed the world. I've seen  
Afric's lions being killed,  
Ireland's maids on native green;  
Nay, the entire universe  
Came to me. I could not go;  
But ten coppers from my purse  
Took me to a movie show.



WHARTON

A cold stretch of country in "The Great White Trail."



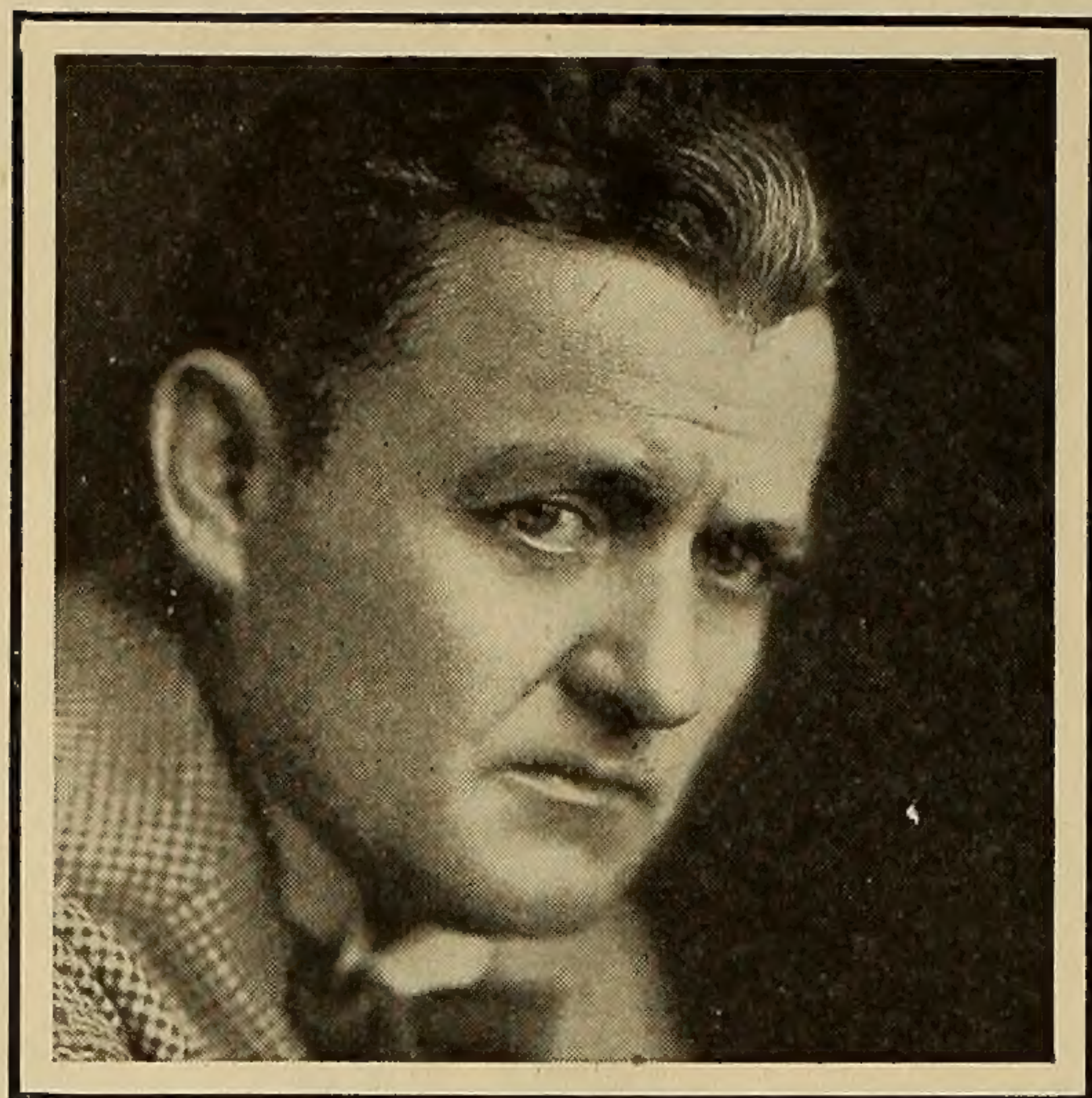
SUBMARINE MOTION PICTURES

Under the water with "The Submarine Eye."



# Their Superstitions

By KATHARINE HILLIKER

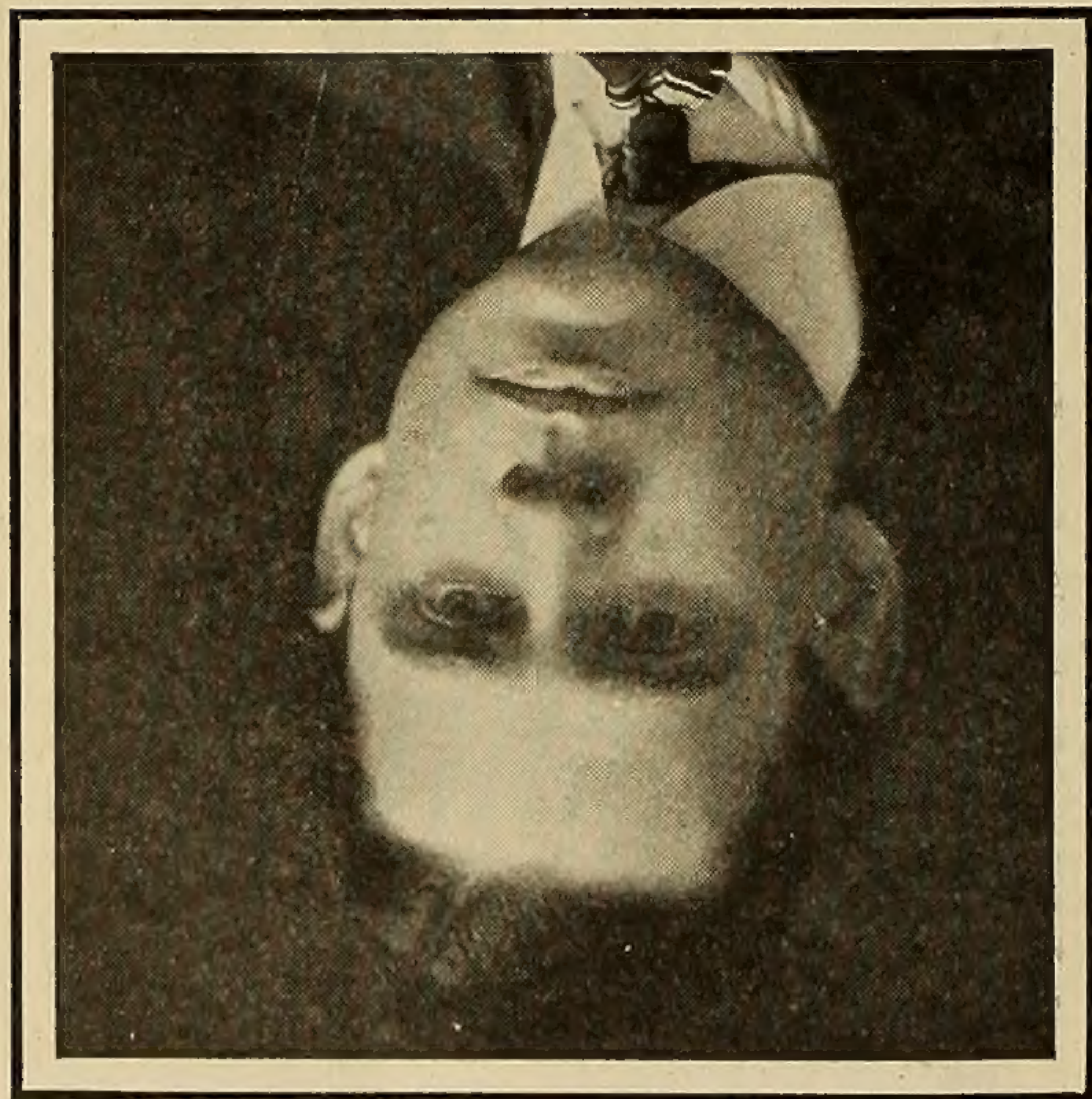


MUTUAL

This is the way Richard Bennett looks at a wrinkle.

so exclusive a neighborhood weighed not a tittle in the balance, and she is firmly convinced that only the dispatch with which she left Number Thirteen saved her and the cat and the Morris chair from hideous disaster.

Jere F. Looney, author of the World release, "The Brand of Satan," is another who burns incense to Chance, and the casual visitor to his rooms is apt to take his name seriously. Back in the days before success had smiled so convincingly on him, he was, like the rest of the downtrodden profession, occasionally out of a job. One day, when he and Mother Hubbard were in much the same plight, he learned of an opening with a big representative company. On his way out to apply for the place, he picked up a photograph which had fallen to the floor and set it upright on his bureau. His trip to the studio netted him an excellent position, and he was told to report for work the following morning. Back in his room, with the prospect of a square meal only a week off, his elated gaze fell on the photograph which he had rescued. Unwittingly he had placed it on the bureau UPSIDE DOWN! And right there the Looney superstitions got to work. Which accounts for the fact that all of his photographed friends, be they male or female, may be [seen by the aforesaid visitor standing



Jere Looney turns his friends upside down. Why not call the turn?

THEATRICAL folk without superstition are as rare as a penguin on Fifth Avenue or a made-in-Germany trade-mark. They are like four-leaf clovers and three-horned cows and the Siamese Twins. Some people even doubt their existence altogether. But their very scarcity acts as emphasis to the power of the fat little God of Chance who holds sway over their more credulous fellows in the realm of Make Believe. From the prop boy up to the radiant star, these others yield allegiance, and their devoirs are paid in an amazing variety of ways.

When stunning Kitty Gordon went house hunting last fall, she found in the setting of Gramercy Park a studio seemingly designed for her alone. It possessed the correct number of rooms, correctly arranged, and a delightful park view thrown in. To all appearances it was everything to be desired, and she signed her lease in a glow of content. But just as the Morris chair was beginning to get on friendly terms with the chimney corner and the cat had discovered an interesting mouse hole, Miss Gordon found that she had inadvertently moved into Number Thirteen Gramercy Park. Her plea to have the house number changed fell on deaf ears, and her consequent evacuation was as sudden and complete as the German retreat before Paris. That it cost her a pretty penny to break her lease in



METRO

Viola Dana, in desperate straits, is scouting for that white horse.

on their heads in the midst of the writer's otherwise thoroughly respectable surroundings.

Not so long ago, when Viola Dana wore her hair pigtailed and interpreted mud pies instead of movie heroines, someone told her that redheads were unlucky. Once her attention was called to the fact, she discovered ample proof of its truth. Since then, whenever a redhead has loomed across her path, she has backed away rapidly with crossed fingers and scanned the horizon for a white horse. But owing to the fact that automobiles are putting the horse out of commission, and that redheaded people are increasing at an alarming rate, Miss Dana finds herself in desperate straits now and then. The other afternoon, while speeding down Riverside Drive on her way to a train, her chauffeur was held up by a traffic cop. She noted with sinking heart that the enemy's locks were Titian, and gazed wildly about for the much needed equine. Nothing doing. The limb of the law delivered a windy lecture on unnecessary celerity as applied to automobiles, and the lady missed her train. Who says redheads aren't unlucky?

Then, again, some people take their superstitions seriously enough to



suffer for them. It is told of Rose Melville that on her opening night as Sis Hopkins, she discovered at the last moment she had no pocket in which to carry her beloved luck piece. With the call boy clamoring at her door, she picked the coin up in desperation and squeezed it down into her slipper, then danced out onto the stage. The discomfort she suffered was lost in her overwhelming success, and each night thereafter the luck piece in her slipper was as much a part of her costume as the ridiculous ribbons with which she decorated her hair.

"Whoever wears a wrinkle in his stocking  
Is sure to meet with a disaster shocking!"

And this may account for the fact that Richard Bennett keeps not only his own hosiery strongly moored and as smooth as newskin over his ankles, but has been known to establish a censorship over the silken insteps of his play-fellows. In fact, one sweet young thing in his company threatened to paint her stockings on if he didn't quit glaring at them. Certain it is that the collapse of one Boston supporter in the midst of a Richard Bennett play would spread wilder consternation among the members of the cast than would the most tempestuous Russian break. Which moves one to ruminate darkly on the frailties of garters and the unreliability of fasteners in general.

It is a safe bet that Mrs. Leslie Carter's rabbitfoot will be remembered by the majority of those who have worked with her, for so convinced is she of its peculiar guardian-angel and lucky-devil combination of qualities, that she makes it one of the important equations in her scheme of things. However, if, as Mrs. Carter believes, it has had anything to do with her art, we might all with profit take to rabbitfooting.

On the other hand, Stuart Holmes, the good-looking Fox villain whose business it is to make Theda Bara supremely miserable, does not stop at one superstition. He has 'em in flocks, and he also has the courage of his superstitions. When he found that he could not always remember to get out on the right side of his bed in the mornings, and that such lapses were followed by utterly disastrous days in which all of his villainies fell flat, he determined on strenuous measures. Convinced that the left side of a bed is as useless as two tails on a cat, he set himself to designing a bed with no sides at all. As a result, his present sleeping couch is as round as a round dining-room table, and the evil spirit of the left side is



This picture of Rose Melville proves our story. Anyone can see that her right foot hurts.

doubtless all mixed upon his locations.

I came across dainty Emmy Wehlen in the Metro studio. "So!" said I. "What is *your* pet superstition?" But she shook her head sternly. "I have none—at all," she denied. "So foolish—superstections!" "What!" I exclaimed, with the ardor of a specimen hunter. "An actress without a superstition! Come to

*Continued in advertising section*



FOX

There is no left side to a round bed; hence Stuart Holmes's contented look. He has baffled the evil one.



## Some Good Things in Small Portions



FOX

Jane and Katherine Lee proving that, critics to the contrary notwithstanding, there are some motion picture stars who are above petty jealousies. Also that barefoot dancing looks well in a close-up.



VITAGRAPH

Bobby Connelly, three-year-old Aida Horton and Helen Connelly, Bobby's sister, waiting to see if they really did live happily ever after. Miss Mabel Ballin is reading to them.



TRIANGLE

A scene from "In Slumberland," the entire cast of which was composed of Triangle kiddies, with Thelma Salter as the star. It would seem they have yet to learn that the fish that got away is the great catch.



BALBOA

Gloria Joy, Balboa's newest baby star, is only four and a half years old.





GOLDWYN

### MADGE KENNEDY

Has heard the films a callin' and, a popular and successful comedienne, she has deserted the stage to make films for Goldwyn. Her first picture will be released early in September.



# Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

VERY little publicity has been forthcoming regarding the picture that D. W. Griffith has been at work upon in France and England. Keen interest and speculation are being shown as to just what interesting material he will secure on the war fronts of Europe. If he brings us a film of actual battles and stirring incidents of this great world war, and then works into it a thrilling dramatic story such as he gave us in "The Birth of a Nation," the motion picture public will have much to look forward to. With his fine discrimination as to the dramatic values of motion picture construction, his overkeen imagination and his peculiar ability to make his artistry of universal appeal, all classes may count on a photoplay that will be instructive from the historical and educational and enjoyable from the dramatic standpoint.

## TOO MUCH OF THE NUDE

Clara Kimball Young is a clever actress. Her admirers are legion. Her beauty is of the character and quality that transfers its full value to the screen. Therefore, we ask, why does Miss Young resort to the use of such photos of herself for advertising purposes as those which appear in the motion picture trade papers? A woman of her standing in the motion picture profession does not have to consent to such vulgar publicity. We like to see photos of Miss Young. New York City has some mighty clever photographers who would give her better advice than she is no doubt getting as to her poses. If Miss Young and her managers would look over the numberless attractive photos of Mrs. Vernon Castle and Elsie Ferguson, they would understand that it is unnecessary to revert to the salacious in order to get the public's attention. No doubt thousands of Miss Young's admirers are young girls and youths, and these semi-nude photos of herself are not her wisest choice, even from a business standpoint.

## STAGE MASTERPIECES DISAPPOINT AS PHOTOPLAYS

About two years ago I saw a photoplay made from Clyde Fitch's masterpiece, "The City." It so happened that I

was in San Francisco at the time, and the dramatic bill of fare being rather meager in that far Western city, I went, being very "play hungry," in keen anticipation of an enjoyable and interesting evening. But I was doomed to great disappointment. The strong, fine play of "The City" was not the photoplay called "The City." All the meat and strength of Clyde Fitch's greatest drama were carefully eliminated from the screened version. The ending was distorted so that the little sister, who in the drama is shot by her brother and dies, lives in the photoplay version; and the dope fiend half-brother, who in the play lives, is in the photoplay killed. And everybody is happy in the end.

That evening, when it was all over, I vowed my firm intent never to see another photoplay adaptation of a drama I liked. The reason I had gone to see plays "done over" in photoplay form was principally because I had seen the play, liked it, and knew it would make good screen material. Why in the name of common sense do managers pay enormous prices for an author's name and work, and then distort his work so that it is not recognizable on the screen? The public goes to see something it is familiar with, gets something it is not familiar with, and is disappointed.

All of which is *a propos* of Florence Reed in "To-day," a photo-drama founded on a vital play of modern American life that ran a year or more in New York City. Owing to my great admiration for the star, I overlooked my former resolution not to see plays I liked when made into screen dramas. Knowing Miss Reed could not fail of being great in the part, and having a vehicle that suited her "to the ground," I felt that all there could be for the spectator was to sit back in an orchestra chair and be happy. When I did see it, I was happy, I enjoyed the picture, I was quite crazy about it

up to almost the finish—and then I wanted to go out and die.

The scenario, acting, direction and photography were all that one could ask. Miss Reed was beautiful to look



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH



at. Her work throughout was charming and completely satisfying. But the producers were tricksters and fooled us. All our sorrows and joys in following the game of life as interpreted by these clever artists in the photoplay were taken from us, for in the end it all proved to be merely a dream.

Are motion picture audiences mostly composed of children and the weak-minded, so that when a strong, vital drama is transferred to the screen, the tragic realities of that drama must be made to be only a dream? Most of us are well enough balanced and under sufficient self-control not to go home and kill a relative, just because we may have seen such a thing done on the screen.

#### SOME GOOD COMEDY

When Charles Chaplin donned an evening suit and surrounded himself with a large number of props and proceeded to enact an entire picture by himself with the aid of the props, and gave to the world his comedy, "1 A. M.," many of us were very sad, for we thought we had lost our "Charles." I was so unhappy over it that I never gained sufficient courage to see him in another picture, until the loud chorus of praises that greeted "The Immigrant" fell on my ears. And then I went to see it. Though a bit vulgar in spots, it is delightfully funny. Continuous laughter greeted nearly every foot of the film. There is truly only one Charles Chaplin, and a photocomedy such as "The Immigrant" shows how unique an actor and how clever a comedian he is.

The story is well worked out and full of splendidly acted comedy scenes. There is always such splendid team work and exact dove-tailing of action in the Chaplin comedies. Possibly many people think Chaplin's work is easy, it is so simply done it looks easy, but it is indeed the hardest kind of work. There are so few comedians. Of women we can name one eccentric, Flora Finch. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew occupy a unique place in the motion picture field. They stand absolutely alone in their line of work, that of clever, clean domestic comedy. Many try it, but few succeed. We also have "Fatty" Arbuckle, whose avoirdupois has much to do with his funniness. Chaplin is an actor first, last and always. I do not suppose the public will ever accept him in serious roles, but he has proven he can "put it over." His vogue is not due to chance or a grotesque make-up. It is due to just such beautifully acted scenes as those in the restaurant ordering the dinner, the scenes with the piece of money, etc. These scenes are timed and played on almost the fraction of a second, and if anyone thinks it is easy to do, just try it. I speak with knowledge of my own experience during the years when I worked in pictures. After the number of sad comedies motion picture audiences are asked to endure, the genuine laughter that greeted "The Immigrant" falls like sweet music on one's ears.

#### SUB-TITLES ARE NOT WHAT THE PUBLIC GOES TO SEE

I have not read George Bronson Howard's "God's Man," but they tell me it is a clever story. However, I saw the

Sherrill photoplay production of this book, with Robert Warwick featured—or, pardon, starred! I wish I might say as much for the photoplay version of the story as I have heard people say about the book. It is really inviting the public into a picture theater on false pretenses to give them an evening mostly of sub-titles. I kept waiting and hoping for one strong, dramatic sequence worked out to a logical conclusion, but it wasn't there. "God's Man" seemed to be a talkative sort of person. He talked alone in "close-ups" and in groups in the background, and the producer never once failed to give us a nice, long sub-title of what they were talking about—which is not motion pictures. I, for one (and others are with me, I know), would prefer to sit at home and read "God's Man" as G. B. Howard wrote it. One could be much happier spending a hot, humid July night in one's room, coolly and thinly clad, with a pitcher of iced Croton by one's side. It would be much, much more comfortable than sitting in a stuffy theater with perspiring humanity and reading wordy sub-titles, with a few acted scenes in between. A motion picture that must have a long, verbose sub-title to explain nearly every scene is not a motion picture.

#### "LONE WOLF" WELL PLAYED

Herbert Brenon has given the world some motion picture masterpieces. Right off we can name "Neptune's Daughter," "The Darling of the Gods," and "War Brides." After these first-water photoplays the screen adaptation of Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf" is disappointing. The opening is the most interesting part of the story. The best actor in the cast is the boy, Cornish Beck, as the Waif. All of his scenes were tenderly and exquisitely played. I had hoped the story would develop along sociological lines, such as obtain in Francois Coppee's "The Guilty Man." But it rapidly grew into cheap, conventional melodrama, with everybody being a detective, and Hazel Dawn living a Pearl White life of adventure a la "The Clutching Hand." And in the end there were auto races, autos being madly driven over open drawbridges and spectacularly spilling their occupants into the water; a race and battle in the air between two aeroplanes, with pistol shots charging the air; and in the end Keystone Comedy policemen. However, the aeroplane scenes were remarkably well done. But the boy and his friend who dies remain with us as the one human part of the story. There were some characteristic French sets and good photography.

#### "THE WARRIOR" A NEW DEPARTURE

Just a word before I close regarding a truly remarkable film now on view at the Criterion Theater, New York. This film, called "The Warrior," with Maciste, the hero of Cabiria, is a new departure in feature photoplays. It is produced on an enormous scale, and with all the thrilling adventures the hero has—for he "puts over" the most terrific stunts—he plays them all for comedy. "The Warrior" is the first comedy spectacle. The scenic effects are wonderful. Beautiful views of the snow-clad Alps and real Italian castles and public buildings make this a film that no one should miss seeing.





Leslie-Judge Co.

#### MORE ACTION

*Tittle*—Are you still in the movies? *Tattle*—Not for a minute! The director wouldn't stand for it.

#### A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow

By BURWELL HAMRICK

LET US CONSIDER the movie ACTOR ON A HOT day. HE PERSPIRETH much and EVEN MORE MUCH than that. HIS LABORS ARE twice what THEY ARE ON A cool day. THE SUN RISES early, and HEATS UP THE lot. THE LOCATION bus is ready, TOO, AND BY 8 a. m. is headed FOR A STILL hotter place. BY NOON THE grease paint THAT WAS IS no longer, AND, VERILY, THE actor applies MORE many times. THE SCRIPT DOES not call FOR RECLINING in an easy CHAIR IN THE shade of an OAK, BUT, INSTEAD, we must ALL DO THE fairbanks stuff RIGHT OUT IN boiling sun. NEXT WINTER WE will be ALLOWED TO JUMP into the ICY ARROYO AND stay there UNTIL THE HERO has made up HIS MIND TO rescue us. THE QUESTION now is, who WILL BE THE hero and make THE DIRECTOR do winter STUFF IN THE summertime? ALAS, WE KNOW it can't be DONE—SO WE movie actors MUST SUFFER THAT you may BE MADE happy.

#### Reel Mean

The scene showed a miser counting his money and refusing to give his wife enough to buy supper.

"That man is certainly stingy," remarked a girl to her father.

"Yes," he replied; "he couldn't lose his step without missing it."

✕ ✕

#### A Hungry Actor

The scene showed the interior of an office. A man glanced at his watch, and then started for lunch. In the next scene he repeated the action.

"Gee," said a boy to his chum, "dat's a busy guy for you! Dat gink is either going out to eat, or else he is just coming back."

✕ ✕

#### Held in Suspense

A scene showed a man hanging from a rope suspended from a tall building.

Mrs. Lanigan, in an aside to her husband, remarked, "Phot would happen if thot rope broke?"

"Be jabbers," was the reply, "if the rope broke, he'd hov sense enough to lit go."

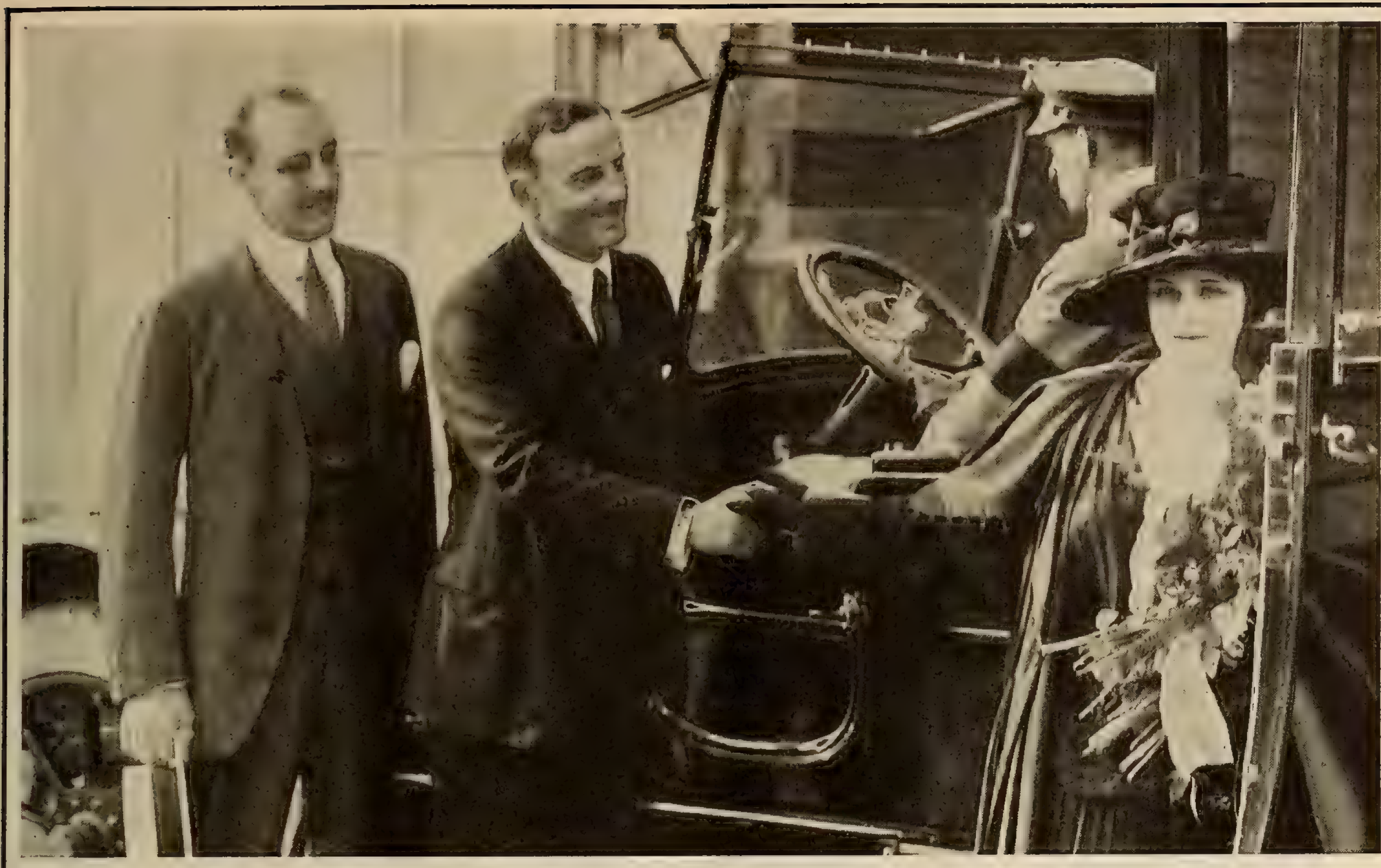
✕ ✕

#### Time Flies

In one scene the crook had been sent to jail for a year. In the tenth scene he was being released from prison.

"I say, pop," remarked a young boy to his father, "I wonder if that year went as fast for him as it did for us?"





ARTCRAFT

General charges often fail to fit in particular instances. What do you think about it? Here's Elsie Ferguson, who is to make pictures for Artcraft, being welcomed by Director Maurice Tourneur on her arrival at the Fort Lee studio for her first day before the camera.

## Some Studio Recipes

By MICHAEL GROSS

### INCENSED SUPE

**S**TART with two hours spent in praying that the man who picks the cast  
Will walk over to you, saying, "Well, Jim, I've reached you at last."  
Now stir in lots of rehearsing, where you seem all feet and hands,  
And the chief—so mad he's cursing—bawls you out from where he stands.  
Pour in patience by the plateful, to take everybody's say;  
And for all of this be grateful when they hand you five a day.

### DIRECTOR (a la supreme)

Take one sport shirt, colored loudly, and a tie that seems to shout;  
White duck trousers worn so proudly; season well with slang throughout.  
Add a megaphone for shocking supes who seem to be afraid,  
And some gentlemanly knocking for that film a rival made.  
Now, to make the dish a hummer, add a nifty racing car  
And a Palm Beach home in summer; stir up well—and there you are.

### PROPS (well roasted)

Open with unthankful drudging, striking a big ballroom set,  
While directors stand unbudging—idle, while *you* moil and sweat.  
Add diffusers, limp and flappy, put up in a burning sun,  
With the boss, profane and snappy, shouting how it should be done.  
Throw in constant, earnest toiling, but this fact be sure to note:  
When things fail to keep a-boiling, blame the prop man—he's the goat.

### COMEDIAN (a la gloom)

To an old suit, torn and ragged, add a pair of ancient shoes,  
Then a tile, with brim all jagged, and a bottle labeled "booze."  
Now throw in a scene at dinner, hero eating with his knife;  
You can make the scene a winner if he flirts with someone's wife.  
Copper spies the sly flirtation, chases hobo forty miles,  
Drags him off to near-by station; serve—with side dish of tired smiles.

### LEADING LADY

Take a name like Gertrude Graceful, add a wealth of auburn hair,  
Throw in pearly teeth—a face full—figure slim and skin so fair.  
Temperament—add quite a measure; vanity—a cup or two;  
Salary—a Cræsus' treasure, if the tales you hear are true.  
Now pour in press-agent fables, woven on some mystic loom;  
Add some diamonds, Russian sables. Talent? Why, there's no more room!





MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Come on, boys! Just think what a dreadful thing it would be if a nasty U-boat came splashing along and got Jackie Saunders's pretty bathing suit all wet!



PARAMOUNT

Here's your chance, girls, to get back for all those shoves you've been getting. Why not don clothes like Louise Huff's and become a conductor or a subway guard?



PAMAMOUNT

If you think this a day of false alarms, just look at this picture of Jack Pickford in "The Varmint."

PARAMOUNT

Few are the things whose ing these days—but it's that help to make "The Girl" the stirring pho



# ARMS



OUNT  
clothes make the man," says  
Vivian Martin.



INCE-TRIANGLE PHOTO INCE STUDIO

Who wants this  
Bessie Love-ing  
cup? Get busy,  
then. Show what  
you can do to de-  
servé it.

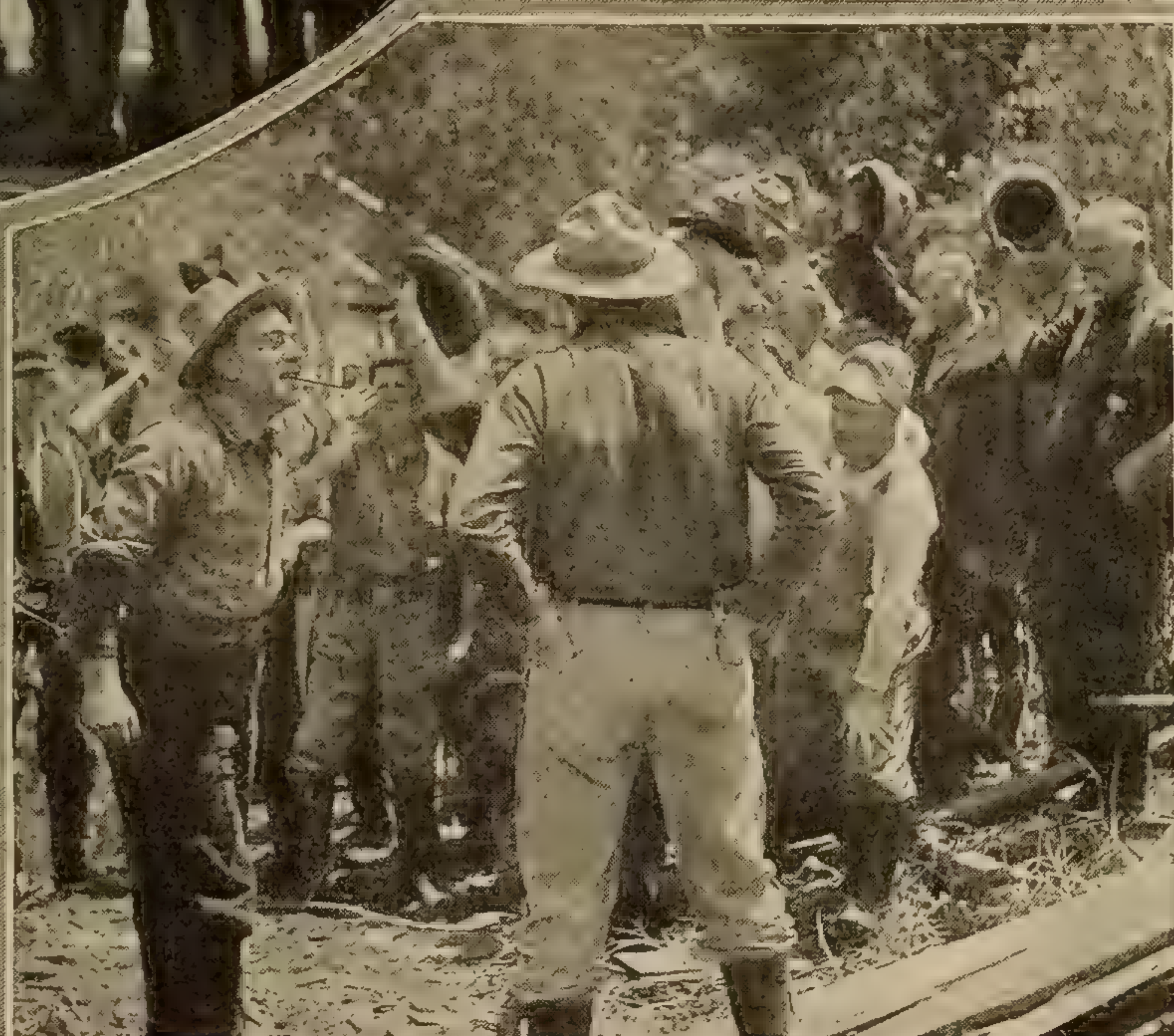


SELIG

Why not join the navy? Can you  
think of anything easier than saying  
"Eye-Eye" to Amy Leah Dennis?



unflag-  
e flags  
Soldier  
s.



TRIANGLE

If fists are right, arms will take care of themselves  
—as Charles Ray's did in "Sudden Jim."



FOX

A draft's a good thing in this weather  
—if the arms be strong enough.



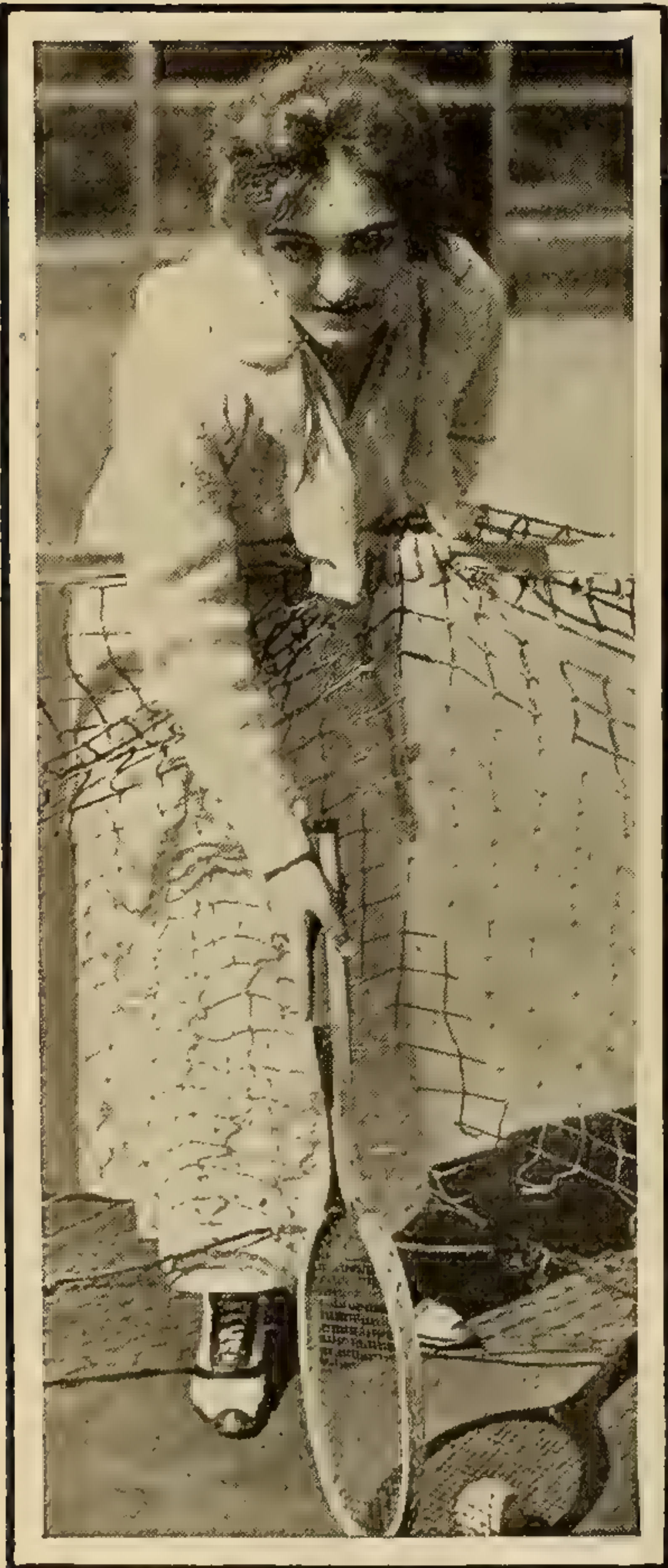
# Fashions for Idlers



TRIANGLE EVANS STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.  
Seena Owen's horse casts an appraising eye over his mistress's riding outfit, cocked hat, black jacket and checked breeches.



TRIANGLE  
In a striped sport gown and a tight-fitting white hat, Louise Glaum starts out to see whether there still really are plenty of fish in the sea.



FOX  
What more comfortable and becoming for a midsummer game of tennis than this white Shetland sweater and linen skirt worn by Gladys Brockwell?



PARAMOUNT  
The ideal idler's costume, worn by Vivian Martin in "The Sunset Trail."



PARAMOUNT  
Dainty and demure and as cool looking as can be is this white afternoon gown worn by Billie Burke. The trimming is tiny tucks and bandings of real file.



# and Idol Styles



OX  
William Farnum's newest sport coat—it's tan.



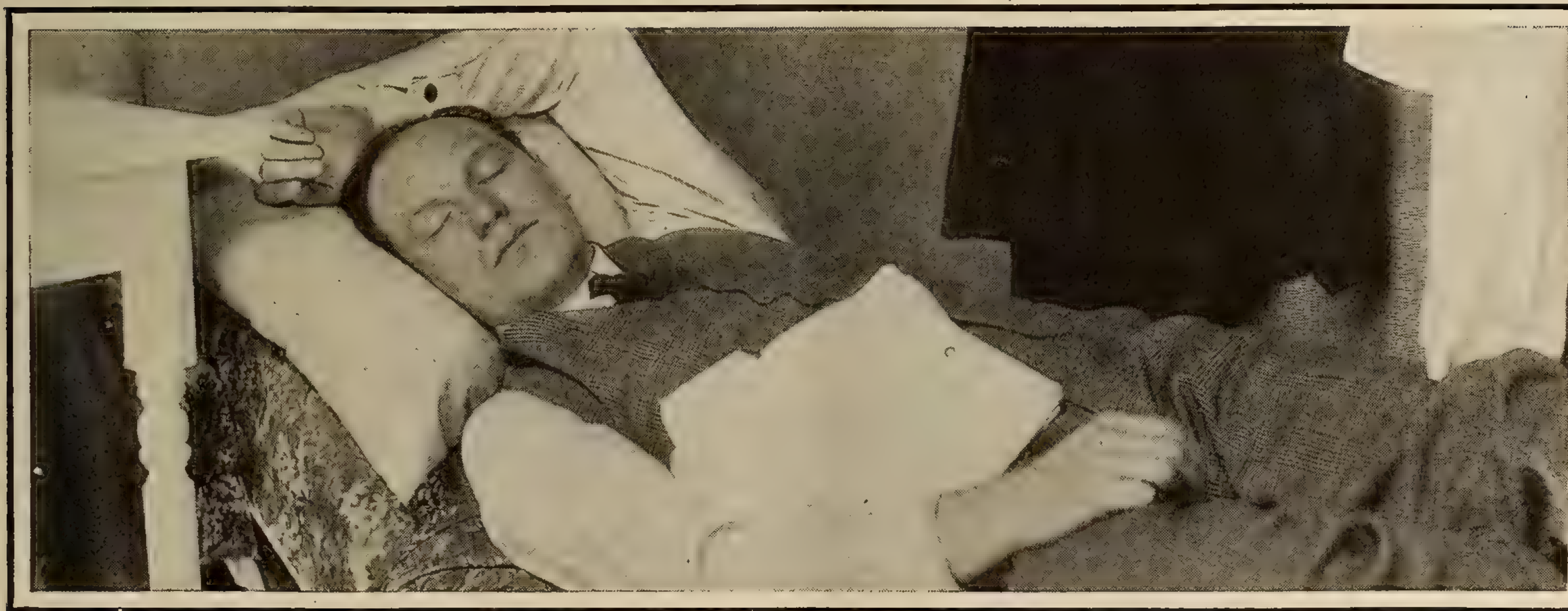
SELZNICK

A dressing gown, a great dane, and a book —Robert Warwick's idea of what's what for off-stage comfort.



SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Hats are worn large and roomy, according to Charlie Murray.



SELZNICK

Montague Love dressed for his newest picture—"The End of a Perfect Scenario."





FOX

### DORIS PAWN

Believes that in war times woman's place is in over-alls—it they're becoming.



# Warriors — Reel and Real



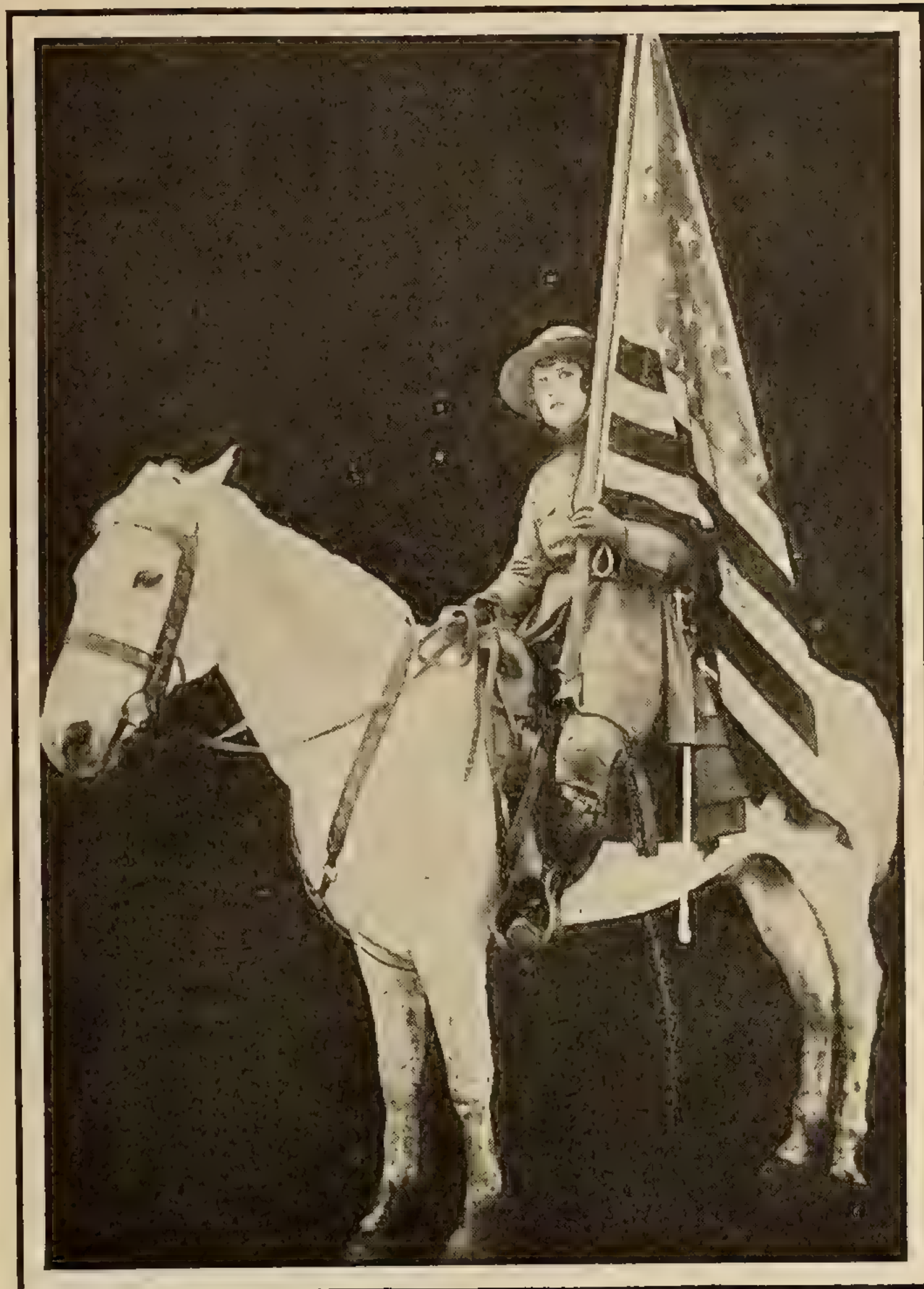
ARTCRAFT.

The Lasky Home Guard received its colors from no less a person than Mary Pickford. She is here seen presenting them to Standard Bearer Wallace Reid.



THANHOUSER

This chap is a stern and stalwart soldier under other circumstances. Which goes to show that even coffee, when properly administered with a dash of Gladys Leslie smile, is an effective weapon for conquest.



PATHE

Pearl White, a victorious reel warrior, who daily fights a winning battle for fame and glory in the film world.



FOX

Theda Bara and Major-General Liggett, commander of the Department of the West, U. S. A., photographed on the latter's visit to the Fox studio. Courage? Hasn't he proved he has all that a hero needs?



# Outside the Camera Lines



MUTUAL

Helen Holmes refuses to let anyone get her goat, and manages to keep it pacified, despite the High Cost of Living.



INCE-TRIANGLE

This newest addition to Dorothy Dalton's family is young, but you can see by his expression that he knows when he's got something good.



INCE-TRIANGLE

This ostrich doesn't even hide its head when it spies Olive Thomas; perhaps it realizes that, in her own fashion, Olive, too, is a bird.



UNIVERSAL

Grace Cunard's pet dog works on the principle that most things worth having are worth begging for.



# Comedy Capers of the Month



METRO

No man is a hero to his cook, is the burden of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew's comedy, "Mr. Parker—Hero."



METRO

"Music Hath Charms"—"Sometimes," adds Mr. Drew.



GOLDWYN

"Baby Mine"—Madge Kennedy, claimant.



KLEVER PICTURES

Sometimes something else besides wisdom comes out of the mouths of babes—as Victor Moore found in "Oh, Pop."



## How Not To Be Photographed



ESSANAY

If Taylor Holmes were a contributor, we might guess he is registering aspiration, inspiration, faith, hope, doubt and acceptance.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Of course, there *are* times when a thing like this is explainable, as, for instance, in this scene between Owen Moore and Marguerite Courtot, in "The Kiss"; but we should say that as a general rule, and particularly if one happens to be a married man, it is just as well to make sure that there are no camera men lurking in the vicinity. We thought we'd better give this picture publicity, seeing that in private life, the gentleman in question is Mary Pickford's husband.



SELIG

Even though all the world loves a lover, George Fawcett is on record here that *there are* times when he should not be photographed.



## A Few Suggestions on the Art of Kidding the Public



But his own criticism is that the possession of a brain, eyes, hair, teeth and a smile might be more cleverly indicated.



SMALLWOOD

"A pleasant smile is all right, but don't forget it's a good stunt to watch your step as well," says James Aubrey.



HORSLEY

Even though your best girl is disappearing down the street with another fellow and you have spent the last of your week's salary buying flowers for the ungrateful creature, remember that sorrow may be registered in different ways than sitting on the back of a passing automobile. This is particularly true if you are dressed in your best clothes. Crane Wilbur—he always arrives, no matter how he travels; but even he should avoid grieving his many admirers with such an expression.





FOX

The Princess appeals to Jack to save her from the Giant.

## "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"

A Kingdom of Children and a Giant Eight Feet, Six Inches Tall

CINDERELLA has come to life, and Jack and his Beanstalk are really with us. No longer does the youngster of to-day have to read in dry-as-dust words how Cinderella went to the ball and lost her slipper, and how Snow White found the Seven Little Dwarfs in the forest, and, best of all, how young Jack climbed up the Beanstalk and slew the Giant single-handed. "Dry as dust?" we hear some grown-up murmur. "Why, they were wonderful words!" Of course they were. But fess up now. Just once or twice as you followed Jack's adventure, didn't you wonder a little whether the Brothers Grimm really knew what they were talking about? Didn't you wish you could make sure that Cinderella's pumpkin truly turned into a coach that disappeared at exactly twelve o'clock? And weren't there perhaps only six instead of seven dwarfs in Snow White's forest? And, as for Jack—your favorite story of them all—*did* Jack really get away from the Giant without being hurt—and *could* a hen lay 200 eggs of real gold?

No such questions bother little Miss Up-to-Date. *She* doesn't have to wonder about it, because she knows these things really happened. For young America—yes, and for young France and Switzerland and Japan too, it's a day of seeing them—and everybody knows that "Seeing's believing." That's what comes of being young these wonderful days. Too late for you? Not at all. Do you know what's the matter with you these warm days? Heat? You've tried taking off your hat and coat and that didn't help much, did it? It's years, that's what ails you, and now is your time to get rid of them—to find the answer to all those questions that have been bothering you for so long.

"First aisle to the right" says the usher as you come into the theatre, but what he's really saying is "Check your years right here." Of course, you don't know it at the time, but later, when with Jack you search for the enchanted forest, you understand the language better. For it all comes back to you. You see the magic beans, and once again you shiver in your boots for fear Jack will refuse to take them in exchange for his cow. You experience the delicious uncertainty you did when, in the long-ago the Giant first said so you could understand it, "Fi-Fi-Fo-Fum—I smell

the blood of an Englishman," and with Jack you hid in the Giant's castle, waiting to steal the hen that laid the golden eggs. You, too, fall in love with the beautiful princess. And, though you know that she and Jack are going to live happy ever after, still, you can't help feeling a tiny bit worried, just as you used to, while Jack is climbing up and down so fearlessly.

All too quickly it is over. "Beautiful photography," you hear some unimaginative voice behind you. "Wonderful direction and exquisite settings," says another. And, "Great kids, Francis Carpenter, as Jack, and Virginia Lee Corbin, as the Princess," comes still a third. But you have no patience with such technicalities. Direction, acting, photography? Of course not. It *was* "Jack and the Beanstalk"—perfect and complete. And as you go back up the aisle, somehow, you don't put on all those years you left off. For you've really seen Jack, and know that what you used to read is true. With Peter Pan you believe in fairies—and to believe in fairies is to be young.



FOX

"Fi-Fi-Fo-Fum—I smell the blood of an Englishman," muttered the Giant.



## Their Superstitions

(Continued from a previous page.)

my arms! You belong in the Metro Museum, not the Metro studio!" She looked a bit startled, and I went on confidentially, "Of course, this superstition stuff is absolute rot. It couldn't hurt a flea"— "Ooooooh!" cried Miss Wehlen. "Don't boast like that! Knock on wood!! Queeck!!!"



WORLD

Kitty Gordon regarded her landlord thusly when he scoffed at superstitions.

### Getting Down to Details

The scene showed a powder mill being blown up. Two Irishmen were very excited over it.

"If any men were blown up, how would they bury them?" asked one.

"Phaix," was the reply, "it wouldn't take a long toime to collect the remints."

### Heard in a Studio

Two heads are better than one,

He told the miss,

When deciding the question

Of whom to kiss.

### A Society Bud

An interior of a country school-house was shown. A man enters and engages the teacher in conversation, after which she dismisses the class, with the exception of one little girl.

"Why is that girl kept in?" asked a boy of his small sister.

"Why," was the answer, "she is to act as a chaperon."

Henn—Why do you liken motion picture plays to matrimony?

Peck—Because there's too many unnecessary scenes.

## You Can Tell The People Who Have Iron In Their Blood—Strong, Healthy, Vigorous Folks

**Doctor Says Ordinary Nuxated Iron Will Make Nervous Rundown People 100% Stronger in Two Weeks' Time in Many Cases.**

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"One glance is enough to tell which people have iron in their blood," said Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied widely both in this country and in great European medical institutions, in a recent discourse. "They are the ones that do and dare. The others are in the weakling class. Sleepless nights spent worrying over supposed ailments, constant dosing with habit forming drugs and narcotics for nervous weakness, stomach, liver or kidney disease and useless attempts to brace up with strong coffee or other stimulants are what keep them suffering and vainly longing to be strong. Their real trouble is lack of iron in the blood. Without iron the blood has no power to change food into living tissue and therefore, nothing you eat does you any good; you don't get the strength out of it. The moment iron is supplied the multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. I have seen dozens of nervous, rundown people who were ailing all the time, double and even triple their strength and endurance and en-

tirely get rid of every sign of dyspepsia, liver and other trouble in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without any benefit.

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. There is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and sound, healthy flesh on your bones. But you must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is one of the newer organic iron compounds. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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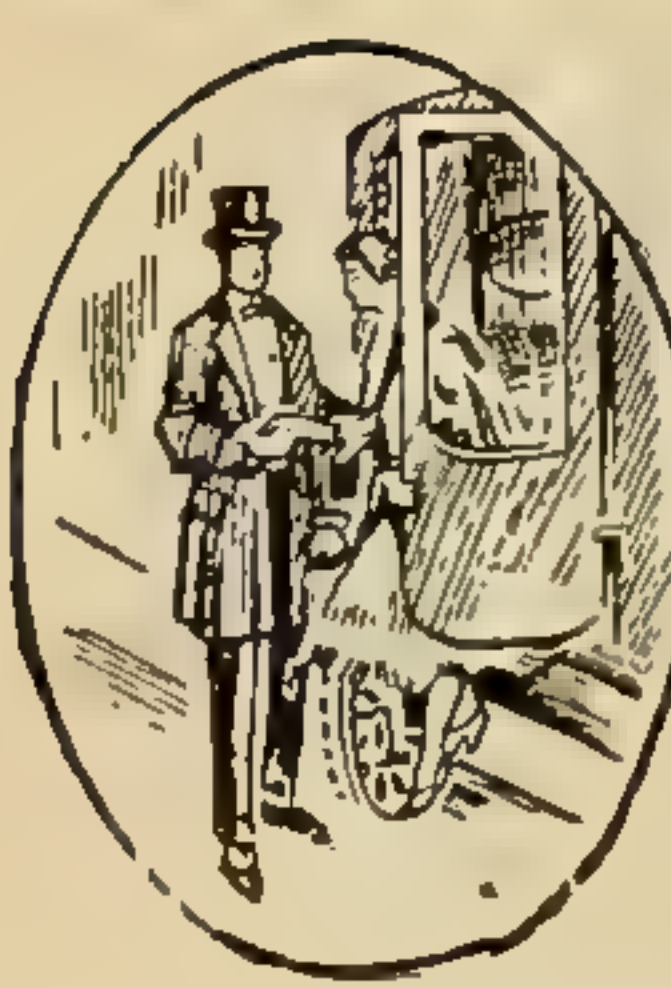
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## Who's Who and Where

Norma Talmadge's hobby is odd and exquisite old fans, and she uses them in her pictures whenever possible.

Mack Sennett, creator of two-reel comedies of the slapstick variety, has completed arrangements with Paramount whereby he is to produce exclusively for that concern in the future.

Helen Holmes is spending what little spare time she gets in watching the progress of that big Utah ranch where she intends one day to just be a prosaic farmer without stunts or dangerous doings.

Geraldine Farrar has signed a contract with Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. She will begin work with her new company next spring, and the rights to several productions for her use have already been acquired.

Frank E. Woods has been engaged as general manager of productions of the Lasky Company, under Director General Cecil De Mille. Mr. Woods is the author of the original scenario of "The Birth of a Nation" and was former general manager for D. W. Griffith.

Alice Mann is Roscoe Arbuckle's new leading lady. She makes her debut in Paramount-Arbuckle comedies in "His Wedding Night." Miss Mann has appeared in Vitagraph productions and in Lawrence Simon comedies. She also played with Billie Reeves under Lubin.

Thomas H. Ince announces that he expects to build a new studio, in which will be produced the pictures under Mr. Ince's new affiliation with Paramount. Charles Ray and Enid Bennett, who made their way to stardom under Ince, will henceforth appear in pictures released through Paramount.

Earle Williams is studying aviation, with a view toward joining the aviation reserve corps if he is called for service. He has been a frequent visitor to the aviation field at Mineola, Long Island, and has a thorough technical knowledge of aeroplane construction. If called, he will provide his own battleplane.

Two important stage successes have been purchased by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as vehicles for Billie

Burke. The first of these is "The Runaway," in which Miss Burke starred on the stage under the management of Charles Frohman a few years ago. The second play is "Arms and the Girl."

When Chester Conklin recites Shakespeare's famous line, he paraphrases it, "To bean or not to bean." Conklin is in private life a farmer. He owns one of the largest and most scientific bean ranches or farms in Southern California. Thousands of Uncle Sam's Jackies eat Chester Conklin beans, for most of his output goes to the navy.

"Roping Her Romeo" is the first Paramount-Sennett comedy. It features Polly Moran, Ben Turpin, and Slim Summerville. "A Bedroom Blunder," featuring Charles Murray, Wayland Trask and Mary Thurman is the second Paramount-Sennett comedy. "The Pullman Bride" is the third Paramount-Sennett comedy. The men featured are Chester Conklin and Mack Swain.

Goldwyn Distributing Corporation announces that it has closed a contract to release and distribute eight two-reel Marie Dressler comedies, to be made by Miss Dressler's own company under an exclusive agreement with Goldwyn. Miss Dressler has already been working on these comedies for several weeks and will follow the same principle as the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, by always keeping months ahead of release with finished production. 30

## Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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"WALL-NUTS"



"GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"

By James Montgomery Flagg

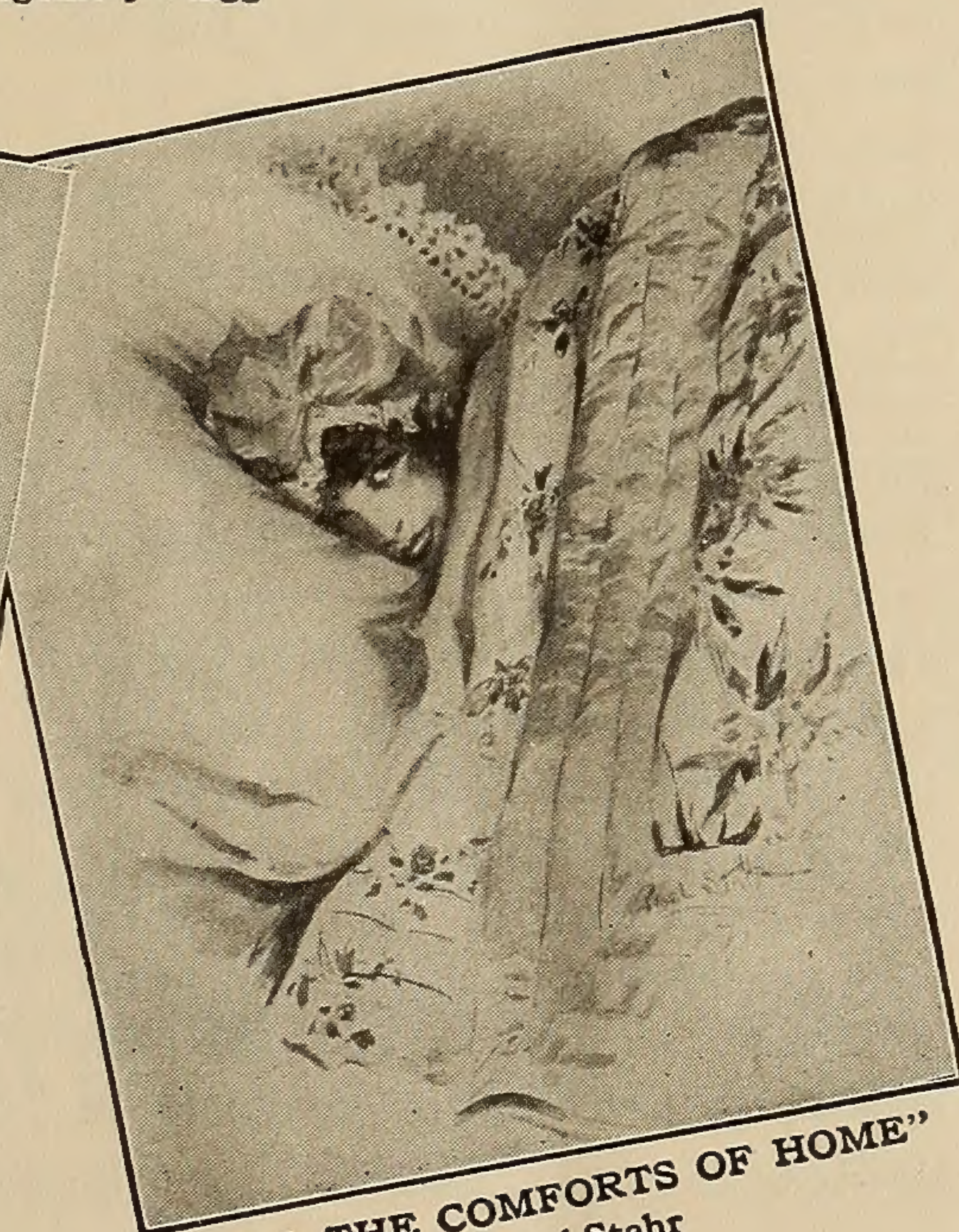


"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

By James Montgomery Flagg



"REDDY MAID SUITS"  
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"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"  
By Paul Stahr

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## OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

FILM FUN is very proud to be the recipient of the following letter:

Inclosed please find check in payment of a year's subscription respectively of Bessie Love, at 1259 St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles, and the Mabel Condon Exchange. It may interest you to know that Bessie Love especially requested a subscription to your magazine for the sentimental reason that your publication was the first to give space to a Bessie Love photograph. Considering the present popularity of Miss Love and her photographs, this, it seems to me, was rather a scoop on your part. Your recent other courtesies to Miss Love are being fully appreciated by her, and a copy of FILM FUN is always to be found in her home and her dressing-room. To insure its regular and early receipt, however, she prefers to be on your subscription list. With pleasure I convey to you the sincere best wishes of Bessie Love and yours very truly, Mabel Condon, Los Angeles.

I have just finished reading the latest issue of FILM FUN, and I enjoyed it ever so much. I thought the picture of Grace Cunard very pretty and thank you for putting it in. I can, am, and will boost FILM FUN to the highest point possible. Thank you very much for answering my last questions. Hoping to have my curiosity satisfied about the ones below, I am, sincerely, J. D. S., Trenton, Tex.

The answers to your questions are as follows: (1) As far as we have been able to find out, the Flora Finch Company does not have its own studio and very possibly rents one either in New York or in the Fort Lee, N. J., neighborhood. (2) Mary Fuller made only one picture for the Lasky Film Corporation, and since then has appeared in "The Public Be Damned," which was released by the Public Rights Film Corporation. (3) As far as we know, Margaret Gibson is still with the Christie Comedy Company. She played in "He Fell on the Beach," which was released by that company on June 25th. (4) Yes, Mollie King played in Pathe's "Kick In." (5) "The Road o' Strife" was a series made by Lubin in 1915, commencing April 5th. This series was in fifteen one-reel episodes, each episode supposed to be complete in itself.

I have been reading your magazine, FILM FUN, for some time, but I have never found out what company Mary Miles Minter plays with. If it is no trouble to you, will you please send me the name of the company? B. H., Chesham, N. H.

Mary Miles Minter is with the Mutual-American Film Corporation, Santa Barbara, Cal.

I am twelve years old and think your magazine is fine. You know a lot about motion pictures, so will you please tell me the address of the William Fox Company? Hoping to hear from you soon in answer to the favor I asked of you, yours very truly, B. P., Independence, Mo.

The Fox Film Corporation is at 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

We're printing this letter just to show that even FILM FUN sometimes makes mistakes and has to apologize for them, and we think it's good discipline for us to eat humble pie, thus doing our bit by helping to conserve the food supply. Besides, we like to do something now and then for our contributors.

Dear Miss or Mrs.—I accept your apology, because there is nothing else I can do with it. Lets you and me play it never happened, huh? I compromised on the drink by absorbing two cream puffs and a sundae, which is proper dissipation for a pote. Goodness! Is everybody on FILM FUN a lady except Mr. Judge and Mr. Leslie? I suppose, as the magazine grows and you have to have an "Answer Man," he, too, will be a lady! Now, about this "overstocked" alibi of yours. I'm going to call your bluff on that. Hereafter, when my stuff comes to you, and it looks good, just retain it (if you are overstocked) until you are understocked. Nothing annoys a pote so much as having his stuff come back. You will usually find my efforts original, if somewhat uncouth, and I am going to give you my best. Regards to the rest of FILM FUN's wimmin folks. Sincerely, Harry J. Smalley.

FILM FUN is our great friend here. We read it over and over. What has become of Mrs. Garrigan? Why doesn't she lay down the law any more? We sure do miss her and would like to hear from her soon. The Boys of the Sixteenth Company, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

Dear boys—We are glad you like us, and gladder still that you told us about it. We don't know what has happened to Mrs. Garrigan. Perhaps, like the rest of us, the extreme heat has dried up her fountains of speech for a while. We'll ask Mr. James G. Gabelle about her.





Q. STEWARD ILLUSTRATION

## “EMPTY!”

### THIS IS A VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

The space for this advertisement is given free by the Leslie-Judge Company. The services of those who manage the fund are donated. Every cent collected goes into the purchase of tobacco comfort for our soldiers and sailors. Do your part!

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CONTRIBUTION NOW!**

### WHAT THE SECRETARY OF WAR SAYS:

*“The War Department approves of their enterprise (that of those who take part in raising the “Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund”) and thanks them in behalf of many a homesick soldier and sailor who will be cheered not merely by the kindly gifts themselves, but still more by the spirit of cordial and homely sympathy which inspires them.”*

NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War

## “OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND”

25 West 44th Street New York City  
Depository:—Irving National Bank, N. Y.

# “Gun Smoke Everywhere—

**But not a whiff of TOBACCO SMOKE  
to cheer a fellow up!”**

**T**HE English “Tommies” have their pipes kept filled by the folks at home.

The French “Poilus” never want for a smoke—their friends are “on the job.”

The “Anzacs” have all the tobacco they can use sent them by their loved ones.

**And now the time has come for Americans to send little packages of happiness to our “Sammies” in the trenches and our “Jackies” with the fleet. These lads are defending our lives and fortunes. We must show them our appreciation.**

Besides facing the foe, our boys must experience homesickness, loneliness, dreary hours in the trenches, uncomfortable days in torpedo-boat destroyers. Tobacco cheers them; home and friends loom up in the fragrant puffs. Help us to give the boys at the front the “smoke” they crave and need. Even if you object to tobacco personally, think of those whom it comforts and let your contributions come without delay!

**25c Keeps a Fighting Man  
Happy for a Week—  
\$1 Sends a Month's Supply of  
Tobacco—ACT!**

Each quarter buys a package of tobacco and cigarettes worth 45 cents, enough to make one of your defenders happy for a week. One dollar makes him and his trench mates glad for a month. Those who can afford it should adopt a soldier and keep him supplied with tobacco for the duration of the war. One dollar a month does it. Small and large contributions solicited.

### A War Souvenir for You

A feature of this fund is that in each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If it is possible

for the soldier or sailor receiving the tobacco to mail you this post card receipt, it will be a war souvenir you will treasure forever.

### Hurry Up With YOUR “Smokes”

Dive into your purse. Out comes a quarter, half-dollar, a note. Mail it at once—currency, stamps, check or money order. The quicker it comes, the quicker our boys will have their smokes. A similar fund in England has sent over four million packages to soldiers and sailors. Here is one way to do your bit—mail the coupon!

### “OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND” 25 West 44th Street, New York

#### GENTLEMEN:

I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. If tobacco will do it—I'm for tobacco.

(Check Below How You Desire To Contribute)

I send you herewith.....my contribution towards the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose \$1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you \$1.00 a month to supply him with “smokes” for the duration of the war.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Film Fun, September, 1917



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*To Possess Only Sufficient Energy and Vitality to Carry You Through Each Day—to be Normal in Health Only Under the Most Favorable Conditions—Is No More Prosperity Than Having Only Enough Money From Day to Day to Meet Current Expenses! Great RESERVE Health, Great RESERVE Energy, Are What We Must Acquire If We Are to Successfully Overcome Every Adverse Condition and Thus Enjoy the Benefit of Living a Whole Life, a Complete Life, a Superior Life. You Can Become a Millionaire in Mental and Physical Wealth—Free From the Pangs of Health-and-Mind Poverty.*

How much wealth of mind and body do you possess?—If you are not a millionaire in Brain Power and Bodily Power—with ability, alertness, confidence, ambition, energy, vitality and health to spare—you are living an inferior life, an empty life, an inefficient life! Only if you are a mental and physical giant, able to abuse yourself without flinching—only if you are miles ahead of other men in thought-power and action-power—only if you are always grasping your opportunities—only if you never get tired of thinking or working—are you what you ought to be and can become, easily and quickly.

## Are You a Victim of Self-Deception?

Most people say, and think, they feel fine when they are actually only half alive, half awake, half as energetic, half as successful as they could be.

Health to some individuals means freedom from distress and freedom from disease. Health to others means a wealth of living power, a superabundance of physiological power, a superabundance of physical power, and a superabundance of personal power.

There are two distinct advantages that a person gains through a superabundance of living power. One is—absolute freedom from weakness and inefficiency and ill condition,—the other is—the consciousness of superabundance of power which gives the personality confidence—self-reliance—aggressiveness, just as the possession of any unusually valuable characteristic gives the person self-reliance and the means of success.

### What Conscious Evolution Is

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving **power** back of our thoughts and actions, when we must **force** ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for **any** reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain **cells** are weak and inactive or totally dead. They haven't the power to run the human engine as nature intended. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of Conscious Evolution which **develops** every cell in the brain and body to its maximum capacity of positive qualities. Conscious Evolution thus improves on nature. In other words, it harnesses nature, and makes it continue the evolution and organization and upbuilding of your cells and life, and thus, not only restores to normal those who are below normal, but it continues their advancement and evolution, and makes them better than nature alone could make them without guidance and without harnessing.

Conscious Evolution is to the body and its life what cultivation is to corn. Corn that is left to nature without cultivation is much inferior to corn that is cultivated by man. Cultivated corn is wonderfully superior to uncultivated corn, and cultivated cells and cultivated energies of personality are equally superior to uncultivated cells and energies.

### What Conscious Evolution Does

Regardless of how alive you may believe you are, regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may

consider yourself, regardless of how successful and developed in every department of personality and body you may think yourself, regardless of how healthy, wealthy and successful you may be, you cannot afford in justice to yourself, to miss the energizing and greater life creating influence of Conscious Evolution.

**You may think yourself strong, brainy, energetic, vigorous, highly vitalized, exuberantly healthy and successful, but you have not attained one-half of what is possible for you. You are, in reality, living an inferior life. Conscious Evolution can prove it to you. Conscious Evolution can make of you a giant, psychologically and personally.**

**Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, self-reliance to spare, health power to spare, thinking power to spare. Conscious Evolution develops gigantic cell power. Conscious Evolution makes the body, brain and personality fatigue proof. It creates reserve health, reserve energy, reserve vitality and reserve mentality.**

### Do Not Deprive Yourself

The difference between your cells highly evolutionized and your cells in the present condition is as the difference between real life and moderate life.

To deprive yourself of the privileges and benefits of Conscious Evolution, is to practice fraud on yourself, to impose on yourself. If Conscious Evolution were not such a genuine reality, such a genuine power for your good of every type, it would not be possible for me to guarantee it as I do. Conscious Evolution is guaranteed because it can be guaranteed—because it produces better results for my pupils than I promise. You are not capable of realizing beforehand what Conscious Evolution actually will create for you, and which you will realize through experience.

### A Startling Book—FREE

If you think you are totally well, if you feel only a little below par, or if you have resigned yourself to your fate after many years' suffering and many experiences with medicines, then by all means let Swoboda send you his new copyrighted book on health, strength, efficiency. Read what his system is, what it has already accomplished. You will be intensely interested in every page, in every sentence, in every word. You will realize that Conscious Evolution solves the problem of continual youth, that old age the bug bear can be swept aside.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it, or write a letter or even a postal card, and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 2056 Aeolian Hall, New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay; not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send the coupon or a letter or postal NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW.

## What Others Have to Say

"I am more than pleased with my results. I have seen your advertisements for fifteen or twenty years. I am now just beginning to figure out what I have missed and lost by waiting until now to take this course."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

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"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

## A Few of Swoboda's Prominent Pupils

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